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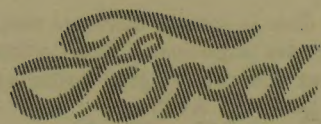
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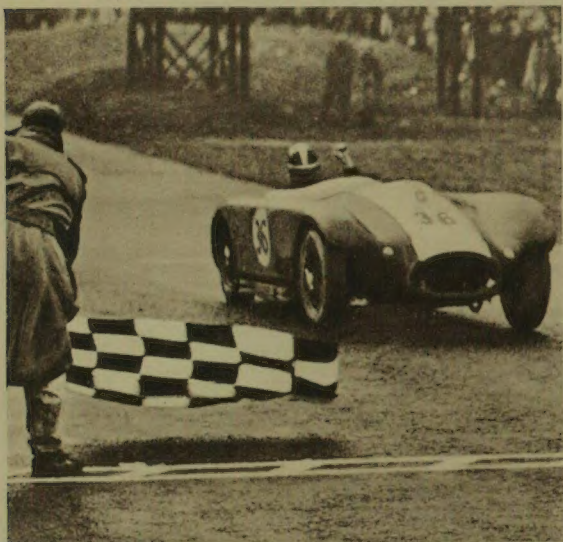
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Photograph by courtesy of "The Autocar"

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To produce the new BP Super, petroleum spirit is passed through a *catalyst impregnated with pure platinum. This re-forms the petroleum molecules so that you get a smoother-burning petrol which gives greater freedom from engine-knock and has more energy per gallon. This means that while new BP Super is ideal for all cars now on the road it will also suit higher-than-ever compression ratios. New BP Super, because it is platinum-processed, opens the way to further progress in engine design.

*A catalyst is an agent which assists in producing a chemical change in other substances without being changed itself.

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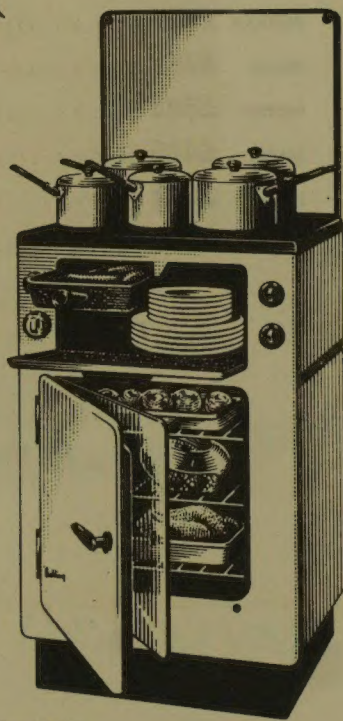
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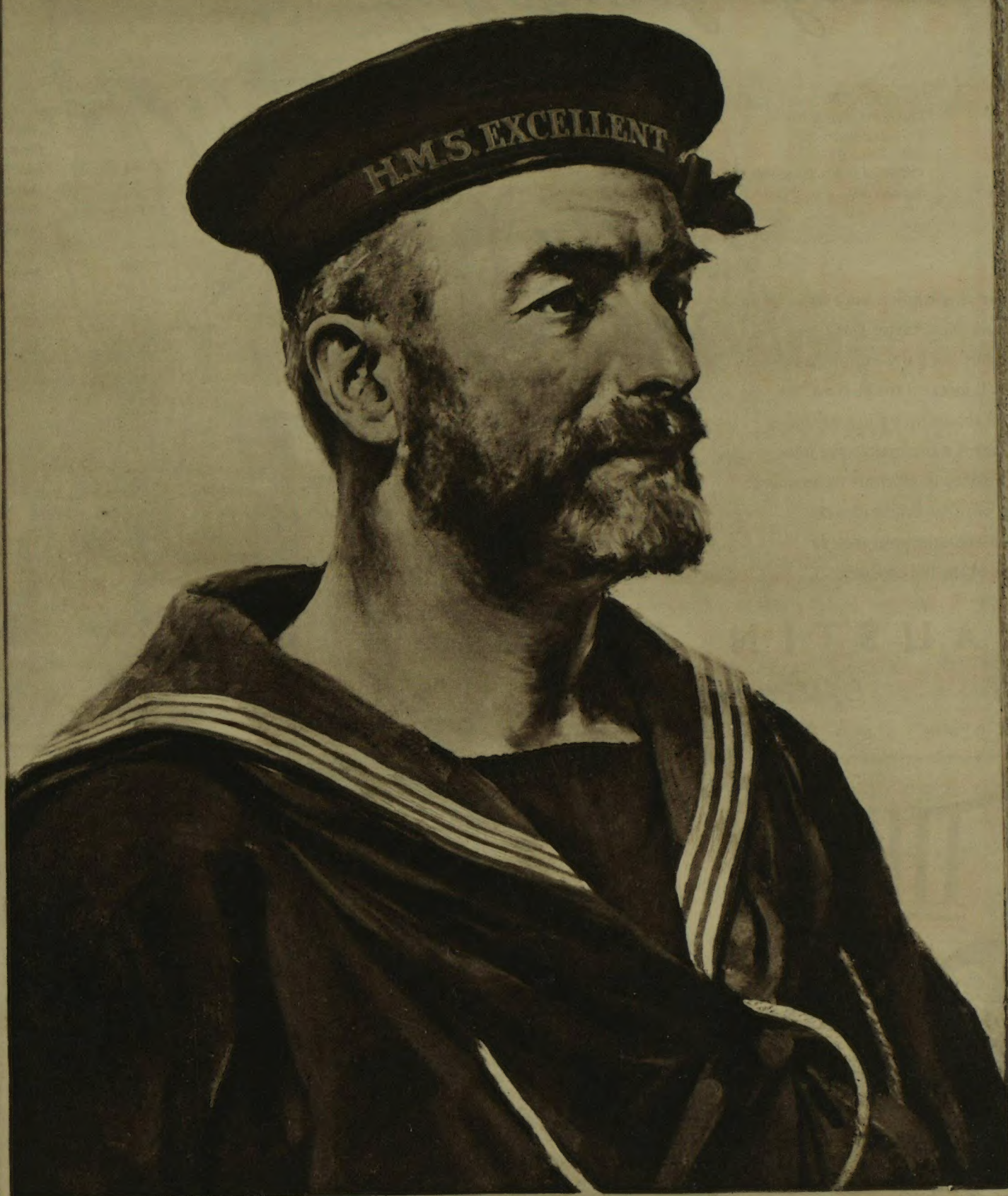


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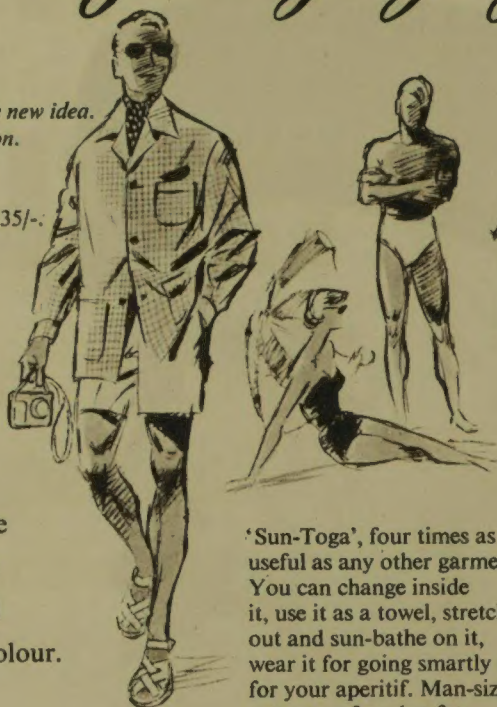


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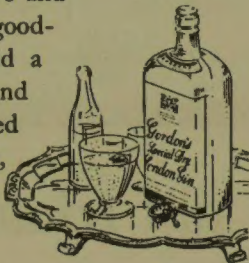


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SATURDAY, JULY 9, 1955.



A MODERN MERCURY: STANDING MOTIONLESS IN MID-AIR, ABLE TO FLY OFF IN ANY DIRECTION AT A SLIGHT INCLINATION OF HIS BODY, A PILOT TESTS A NEW U.S. VERTICAL TAKE-OFF DEVICE OR "JET-PLATFORM."

One of the most intriguing developments arising from the intensive modern research into vertical take-off methods is that of directional control of wingless aircraft by means of weight-shifting. The man in the photograph above is standing upon a "jet-platform," in effect a kind of aerial ski attached to his feet; jets of air from an attached hose provide lift, and to hover in mid-air he has only to remain stationary. To move away he inclines his body in the required direction.

The pilot has been in full control of the machine in gusty conditions with winds up to 16 knots. During tests, he was protected by a restraining cable and parachute harness. The device, one of several studied recently by the U.S. National Advisory Committee for Aeronautics at Langley Field, Virginia, is known as a "simplified research model," based upon principles developed in the "flying platform," a wingless aircraft described in our issue of April 23 this year.



By ARTHUR BRYANT.

THAT man of persistent faith, the Dean of Canterbury, is reported, I see, as declaring in a sermon in Canterbury Cathedral, "Without hesitation, I venture to say Communism has come to stay. It is a living faith passionately held by and deeply influencing the lives of hundreds of millions of people. I am convinced that a synthesis of the two faiths of Christianity and Communism is possible and will eventually bring blessings to the entire human race."* On the very day that this report appeared in the Press, another appeared in *The Times* newspaper indicating some of the ways in which Communism, as interpreted and practised by what the Dean has called "the Socialist Sixth of the World," affects the lives of some of those who, whether they like it or not, have to subscribe to that passionately-held Faith or, alternatively, knuckle under to those who do. For in the Socialist Sixth of the World—that is, the U.S.S.R.—the sixth-formers exercise a power which is unknown in this Christian and apparently unprogressive country. The last regular group of Austrian prisoners released in connection with the signing of the Austrian State Treaty, *The Times* correspondent from Vienna reported, arrived at Wiener Neustadt on June 25 by military train from the east. Among them were a Chief Inspector of Police formerly in charge of the department that dealt with cases of Austrian citizens kidnapped by the Russians. At the time of his forcible seizure by the Soviet authorities he was on an official visit to them. Since then until his release the other day he was kept closely imprisoned by them, part of the time as a slave in the mines. He was not allowed to correspond with his relations, and, when he arrived home, was unaware that his wife had been dead for three years. I do not know if this is what the Dean of Canterbury regards as an illustration of the kinship between Christianity and Communism, but it is, at any rate, a good example of the relations between a Communist State with power and a small Christian State without it. Another of the returned prisoners was a brilliant young woman who, at the time of her abduction in 1948 by the high priests of Russian Communism, was a departmental chief in the Austrian Ministry of Economic Planning. After two years without trial in a Moscow prison she was put to forced labour, first in a sewing-machine factory, and later as a water-carrier. On her return from her seven-years enslavement she had to be carried from the station on a stretcher to hospital suffering from serious tubercular infection. I hope the Dean will mention this in his next sermon and, better still, in Russia when next he preaches and visits his friends there. Another woman, who had been sentenced for espionage and sabotage because she had tried to cross the Russian demarcation line without a valid pass, was kept for twenty days in a cell half-filled with water in order to obtain a confession from her. And another woman of sixty-five was arrested because she had refused to spy on an American colonel friend.

In other words, with all deference to the Dean of Canterbury, Communism and Christianity are not, as he seems to suppose, complementary creeds. Communism postulates that the State should own all property and be all-powerful; Christianity teaches that the individual soul and conscience are infinitely more important than the State and that, if there is a clash between them, a man should follow his conscience and refuse to obey the commands of the State. He should render unto Caesar the things only that are Caesar's, but deny to Caesar, even at the cost of the arena and the lion's den, the things that are God's. Christianity takes no notice of any difference between a rich man and a poor one, and regards both as equal in the eyes of God, but makes no attempt to enforce their equality in the eyes of man. It eschews force altogether, whereas Communism depends, like Fascism, on the constant exercise by the State of force to compel men to conform to its theses. Communism is an ideal creed for those who seek to exercise absolute power, for it sees absolute power by the rulers of the State as a necessary prelude to its own fulfilment. It proclaims a People's State but creates a Bosses' State. Christianity, on the other hand, tends to create a society in which absolute power by those who rule is challenged so boldly and widely that it becomes impossible to exercise or enforce. Christianity makes men greater than the State; Communism holds men to be infinitely less than it and makes them so. The evolution of Christianity has necessarily been very slow and it has been frequently misinterpreted by its own professors and even by its own priests who, in flagrant defiance of the teaching and spirit of Christ, have often in the past endeavoured to employ force to advance the tenets and power of the Christian Churches. It has taken both the Churches and the barbaric nations of Western Europe many centuries to evolve from the older conception of government to the newer one which exists to-day in

this country and the British nations of the Commonwealth, in the United States, in France, Scandinavia, Switzerland, and the Low Countries—a form of government in which, though still far from totally Christian, the exercise of authority by those in power is for ever being checked by the conscience of the individual as represented and expressed by a Christianity-formed public opinion independent of government. We take this for granted to-day, but it is an extraordinary phenomenon to which history, so far as I know, affords no parallel; it has come about as a result of the gradual acceptance in such communities of the conceptions which Christianity teaches. The most far-reaching of these conceptions is that force has no moral sanction and that a man's rights ought to be independent of his personal strength to enforce them. The mere acceptance of Western democratic institutions—of parliaments and ballot boxes, statutes and ministerial responsibility—will not of itself bring about a state of affairs in which the physically weak can successfully resist the coercion of the strong. An example of this was afforded by the same issue of *The Times* that described the injustices and cruelties suffered by Austrians who had dared to stand out against the omnipotent and jealous power of the supreme Soviet Communist State. It was contained in a despatch entitled "Repression in Kashmir," describing the methods by which the Government of that country deal with those who dare to criticise and oppose it. The despatch was written from Anantnag, the home of Mr. M. A. Beg, a former Minister and one of the leaders of such opposition as is permitted in the Kashmir

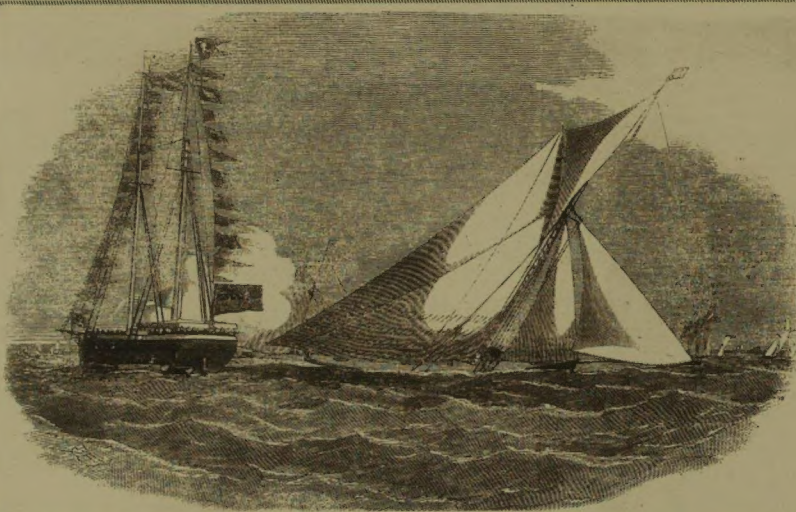
State Assembly. It appears that to discipline such opposition, the ruling National Conference Party, in the manner long made familiar to us by Mussolini and Hitler, keeps a private army dignified by the name of the "Peace Brigade." Among its services to Indian democracy this body makes it its business to discourage would-be supporters of Mr. Beg from supporting him. "Your Correspondent met about a dozen men here, most of them respectable shopkeepers, who had recently been beaten with lathis and fists. One after another they stripped to show angry bruises and abrasions on their bodies. One man had a torn nostril, and another claimed that his teeth had been knocked out by a member of the peace brigade. Two shopkeepers complained that they had been robbed during unofficial searches, and others said that their shops had been looted. A woman, in a highly hysterical state, said that she was afraid to go home because of constant harassment. She was the widow of a Muslim killed during a tribal invasion while escorting Hindu refugees."† Behind the power of the Peace Brigade was the power of the police, and both were used for the same end—to make opposition to government impossible.

When Mr. Ashok Mehta, the Indian Socialist leader, was attacked by hooligans in Srinagar and prevented from making a speech, the police had no difficulty in

finding a number of prominent citizens to declare that he had not been attacked. . . . Mr. Abdullah Bandy was arrested in May, according to the order, because: certain elements of which he was a member have refused to be reconciled to the new Government; he frequently met a person who in turn met Mr. Beg for whom he collected subscriptions; on one occasion he even met Mr. Beg and received "instructions for achieving the desired object of overthrowing the Government"; he arranged to give publicity to speeches made by Mr. Beg in the state assembly; he wanted the withdrawal of Indian troops, a free and impartial plebiscite, and the release of Sheikh Abdullah; if he remained at large he would be likely to become more "brazen faced" and organize more committees. It is possible that Mr. Bandy may be imprisoned for five years without trial for what appear to be attempts to organize support for a legal opposition group in the state assembly. He is only one of many, but they have been ignored by the Indian newspapers and agencies who have representatives in Srinagar.

Naked and unjust force, in short, is enthroned by two Governments as ideologically different as those of Soviet Russia and Kashmir as the means justified, and indeed sanctified by the end, which is the preservation and exercise of omnipotent power by the State. I wonder whether in the Deanery at Canterbury, perhaps in some back room or unused attic, there happens to hang one of those engravings so popular in religious households when I was a boy—of a party of early Christians awaiting their fate in the arena before a vast multitude of those who accepted the enthronement and power of the State as a thing inevitable and ordained by the gods. If so, I should like to suggest that, as a sincere Christian and an intelligent, brave and independent-minded man, he should stand in front of it and consider its full implications. And that when he has done so, he should make a present of it to those in the Kremlin who authorised, and continue to authorise in the name of the State's sanctity and omnipotence, the kind of treatment of their fellow-men and women set out in the early part of this page.

THE CENTENARY OF A HISTORIC YACHTING EVENT.



THE ROYAL HARWICH REGATTA A HUNDRED YEARS AGO: "'THE AMAZON' WINNING THE COMMODORE'S CUP"—FROM OUR ISSUE OF JULY 14, 1855.

A handsome Cup was presented for the largest class at the 1855 Harwich Regatta by Mr. Andrew Arcedeckne, and was won by Mr. A. Young's *Amazon* (47 tons) over a forty-mile course against five other well-known cutters. The race was illustrated in our issue of July 14, 1855, and the occasion was described as follows: "As the morning wore on the scene became very lively, both on shore and afloat. Excursion trains came in from London, pouring out their vast numbers over the esplanades, the cliffs, the rising fortifications, and the pier—on which was stationed the town band; and the waters were so thickly studded with yachts, steamers and craft of all sorts that it seemed as if the competing vessels would have no easy matter to thread them all. . . ." The Cup, now known as the *Amazon's Cup*, which was recently rediscovered after being missing, although a challenge cup, for nearly a hundred years, is to be again raced for in August; and is illustrated on another page.

* *News Chronicle*, June 27, 1955.

† *The Times*, June 27, 1955.

FROM BRITAIN AND MOSCOW: A PICTORIAL MISCELLANY OF NEWS ITEMS.



MOSCOW'S PERMANENT "GARDEN CITY": COLLECTIVE FARM SQUARE AND THE SURROUNDING BUILDINGS OF THE U.S.S.R. AGRICULTURAL EXHIBITION SEEN IN A GENERAL VIEW.

The U.S.S.R. Agricultural Exhibition, which opened in Moscow last summer, consists of some seventy-six permanent pavilions in a specially-constructed "Garden City." It is designed to draw attention to the success of the methods of agriculture introduced under the Soviet régime. This photograph shows a general

view of the scene to-day, with the impressive fountain and sheet of water in the foreground. The exhibition grounds, which cover over 500 acres, are in the heart of Moscow. Every aspect of agriculture is represented and exhibition plots of various farm crops and fruit trees have been planted.



TO BE DEMOLISHED: "THE BIG HOUSE," PART OF BOWOOD HOUSE, THE EIGHTEENTH-CENTURY WILTSHIRE HOME OF THE MARQUESS OF LANSDOWNE.

After years of planning and close study of the problem, Lord Lansdowne has reluctantly decided that a part of Bowood House, known colloquially as "the Big House" and "the connecting link," must be demolished for economic reasons. The building contains much of the work of Robert Adam. On June 30, antiques and architectural features in the portion of the mansion to be demolished were sold by auction. The dining-room, one of the most valuable features, fetched about £5000, and it is understood that the purchaser intends to re-erect it in London.



IN THE GROUNDS OF WORCESTER COLLEGE, OXFORD: A GENERAL VIEW OF THE SCENE DURING PART OF THE BRITISH ARCHERY CHAMPIONSHIPS.

The British Archery Championships opened in the grounds of Worcester College, Oxford, on June 29. The lady champion was Mrs. J. K. Flower, of London; gentleman, Mr. H. A. Oram, of Taunton. Archery in Britain is expanding rapidly; in 1950 there were eighty-five clubs associated with the Grand National Archery Society, and to-day there are nearly 500, with a membership of about 6000 archers in England and Wales.



THE FIFTIETH ANNIVERSARY OF THE BRITANNIA ROYAL NAVAL COLLEGE, DARTMOUTH: VICE-ADMIRAL SIR RALPH EDWARDS TAKING THE SALUTE AT THE MARCH-PAST AFTER DIVISIONS.

During the week-end of July 2-3, the Britannia Royal Naval College, Dartmouth, celebrated the golden jubilee of its opening in 1905. The celebrations on July 2 included a garden party and a dinner party, a firework display and the roasting of two rams in the college grounds. Hot ram sandwiches were distributed to those present, who numbered some 1500. The guest of honour was Mr. J. P. L. Thomas, First Lord of the Admiralty.

(RIGHT.) GIVEN IN 1855 BY MR. ANDREW ARCEDECKNE FOR THE LARGEST CLASS AT THE HARWICH REGATTA—AND TO BE COMPETED FOR IN AUGUST: THE AMAZON'S CUP—LOST FOR NEARLY 100 YEARS AND RE-DISCOVERED IN 1953.

At the 1855 Harwich Regatta the chief prize sailed for was a handsome silver cup and cover, the gift of Mr. Andrew Arcedeckne, then Commodore of the Harwich Club. Won by Mr. A. Young's *Amazon* (as illustrated on our "Note Book" page), it was, though a challenge trophy, lost sight of until 1953, when it was offered to the R.H.Y.C. by a dealer. In August it will be awarded to the yacht scoring the best corrected time in the Harwich-Ostend and Ostend-Lowestoft races, and thereafter it will be competed for over a North Sea course in every third year.



THE QUEEN AND THE DUKE IN SCOTLAND: DUNDEE "RALEIGHS," EDINBURGH CEREMONIAL AND OTHER EVENTS OF THE VISIT.



THE ARRIVAL IN EDINBURGH ON JUNE 28: THE QUEEN (WITH THE DUKE; CENTRE) ACCEPTING THE KEYS OF THE CITY FROM THE LORD PROVOST, MR. J. G. BANKS.



THE DUKE OF EDINBURGH, COLONEL-IN-CHIEF OF THE QUEEN'S OWN CAMERON HIGHLANDERS, WITH THE 4TH/5TH BN. (T.A.): HIS ROYAL HIGHNESS UMPIRING A TUG-OF-WAR FINAL. IT WAS WON BY MEN FROM "C" COMPANY.



(ABOVE.) AFTER THE SATURDAY NIGHT ENTERTAINMENT AT HOLYROOD: THE QUEEN AND THE DUKE (ON ROOF; LEFT OF CLOCK) DURING THE "SUNSET" CEREMONY.

THE programme fulfilled by the Queen and the Duke of Edinburgh during their Scottish visit, from June 28, when they arrived in Dundee in the Royal yacht *Britannia* after their State visit to Oslo, until July 5, when they arranged to leave Edinburgh, was crowded and varied. It included the Presentation Party at the Palace of Holyroodhouse on June 30; the Installation Service in the Thistle Chapel, St. Giles' Cathedral, Edinburgh, arranged for July 4; and other ceremonial events; the acceptance by her Majesty of a Grace and Favour residence at 36, Moray Place, visits to factories and schools, a tour of West Lothian and East Stirlingshire; and the unique "Saturday Night at Holyrood," when, according to custom, a musical programme was given in the Palace forecourt to

(Continued opposite.)

(LEFT.) ACCEPTING A BOUQUET FROM A LITTLE SCHOOLGIRL: HER MAJESTY DURING HER VISIT TO MIDDLETON CAMP SCHOOL.

(RIGHT.) THE VISIT TO THE CAMPERDOWN JUTE WORKS, DUNDEE: THE QUEEN WITH MR. WALKER, THE CHAIRMAN, AND THE DUKE (RIGHT).





(ABOVE.)
AFTER INSPECTING THE OLD PALACE, LINLITHGOW: THE QUEEN WALKING DOWN THE KIRK-GATE, FOLLOWED BY THE DUKE.

Continued.
entertain the Royal visitors. This preceded the traditional "Sunset" ceremony, which began with the singing of the 121st Psalm and continued with the closing scene when scarlet-coated trumpeters of the Scots Guards band sounded the trumpet notes of the "Retreat," played by the band. The Queen and the Duke stood for some minutes at an open window, although the night was cold, and later stepped down on to the dancing platform outside, where presentations of the chief performers were made. When the Royal party arrived in Dundee the weather was unpleasant, but the rain resulted in a display of romantic loyalty by students of Queen's College, the constituent College of St. Andrew's University, where the Royal six-hour visit ended. The red carpet stopped short of the car, and four students took off their gowns and laid them on the wet pavement. Bad weather unfortunately prevented the garden-party at Holyrood being held on July 1. The tour which the Queen and the Duke made in West Lothian and East Stirlingshire included a two-hour visit to Linlithgow, calls at Falkirk, Grangemouth and Bo'ness, and shorter visits to other burghs. Middleton Camp School was visited on June 29; a garden-party for representatives of Welfare Organisations took place; and among other events were the Duke's visit to Glasgow to name Outward Bound Trust's schooner, *Prince Louis*; and to the 4th/5th Bn. (T.A.) of the Queen's Own Cameron Highlanders.

(RIGHT.)
A GESTURE OF LOYALTY INSPIRED "BY FOUL WEATHER AND THE MEMORY OF RALEIGH AND THE FIRST ELIZABETH": HER MAJESTY STEPPING ACROSS THE WET PAVEMENT OUTSIDE QUEEN'S COLLEGE, DUNDEE, ON THE SCARLET GOWNS OF STUDENTS.



WIMBLEDON, 1955: THE L.T.A. SINGLES CHAMPIONS IN ACTION, BRITAIN'S



IN PLAY DURING HIS MATCH AGAINST K. NIELSEN: T. TRABERT, WHO WON THE MEN'S SINGLES TITLE IN THE LAWN TENNIS CHAMPIONSHIPS AT WIMBLEDON.



A RELENTLESS POWER PLAYER: T. TRABERT, THE TWENTY-FOUR-YEAR-OLD AMERICAN FROM CINCINNATI, WHO DEFEATED K. NIELSEN IN THE SINGLES FINAL.



THE TWELFTH AMERICAN TO WIN THE WIMBLEDON CROWN, AND THE SEVENTH SINCE THE WAR: T. TRABERT, WHO RICHLY DESERVED HIS VICTORY, SEEN IN PLAY.



PRESSING HOME HIS ATTACK: T. TRABERT DURING THE FINALS. HE WON THE TITLE WITHOUT LOSING A SET IN ANY OF HIS MATCHES.

After a fortnight of continual fine weather and huge attendances, the Lawn Tennis Championships ended at Wimbledon on July 2. The last week gained in excitement as the champions began to emerge and on Friday, July 1, Tony Trabert, of the United States (seeded No. 1), became Men's Singles Champion when he overcame the unseeded Danish player, K. Nielsen, by 6-3, 7-5, 6-1 in the final. Tony Trabert, who proved one of the most impressive of champions, won the title without losing a single set in any of his matches. Since the abolition of the challenge



AFTER HIS GREAT VICTORY: T. TRABERT BEING PRESENTED WITH THE TROPHY BY H.R.H. THE DUCHESS OF KENT. ON THE RIGHT IS K. NIELSEN, OF DENMARK, THE OTHER FINALIST, WHO WAS A BRAVE FIGHTER AND A CHEERFUL LOSER.



AFTER BRINGING A TITLE TO GREAT BRITAIN FOR THE FIRST TIME IN EIGHTEEN YEARS: MISS A. MORTIMER (LEFT) AND MISS J. A. SHILCOCK RECEIVING THE WOMEN'S DOUBLES CHAMPIONSHIP TROPHY FROM H.R.H. THE DUCHESS OF KENT.



KEEPING UP HIS RELENTLESS PRESSURE: T. TRABERT IN PLAY ON THE CENTRE COURT AGAINST K. NIELSEN, WHOM HE DEFEATED IN SEVENTY-THREE MINUTES.



MAKING ONE OF MANY WONDERFUL WINNING BACK-HAND STROKES: TONY TRABERT, WHOSE FINE TENNIS ON THE CENTRE COURT WAS A DELIGHT TO WATCH.

round in 1922, only one man had previously performed this feat, Donald Budge, the American, who did likewise in 1938. On the closing day of the Championships, July 2, Miss Louise Brough (seeded No. 2) won the Women's Singles title in the tenth consecutive all-American singles final. Thirty-two-year-old Miss Brough reclaimed the title she held in 1948, 1949 and 1950, by defeating her fellow-American, the ambidextrous Mrs. Beverly Fleitz, 7-5, 8-6. Miss Brough's great victory brought her the thirteenth title, in all events, which she has won

FIRST TITLE HOLDERS SINCE 1937, AND THE MIXED DOUBLES FINALISTS.



DISCOURAGED AFTER MAKING A POOR SHOT: MISS L. BROUGH, THE NEW CHAMPION, BITING HER RACKET OUT OF ANNOYANCE WITH HERSELF.



PLAYING ONE OF THE BEST MATCHES IN HER LONG AND DISTINGUISHED CAREER: MISS BROUGH IN ACTION AGAINST MRS. FLEITZ ON THE CENTRE COURT.

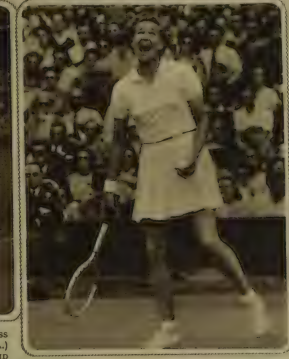


DURING HER SEVENTH FINAL AT WIMBLEDON: AN ACTION PHOTOGRAPH OF MISS BROUGH IN PLAY AGAINST THE AMBIDEXTROUS MRS. BEVERLY FLEITZ.

at Wimbledon. For Great Britain the 1955 Wimbledon brought a new resurgence of hope, for the women's doubles gained a title for this country for the first time since 1937. The women's doubles final was an all-British battle, in which Miss A. Mortimer and Miss J. A. Shilcock defeated Miss S. J. Bloomer and Miss P. E. Ward by 7-5, 6-1. In the all-Australian men's doubles, R. N. Hartwig and L. A. Hoad defeated N. A. Fraser and K. R. Rosewall by 7-5, 6-4, 6-3. R. N. Hartwig and L. A. Hoad have now won the Wimbledon doubles for the second time, but not



THE MIXED DOUBLES FINALISTS 1955: (L. TO R.) V. SEIXAS AND MISS D. HART, OF THE UNITED STATES, WHO DEFEATED MISS L. BROUGH (U.S.A.) AND E. MOYA (ARGENTINA) BY 8-6, 2-6, 6-3. V. SEIXAS AND MISS D. HART WERE ALSO THE HOLDERS OF THE TITLE LAST YEAR.



A YELL OF DISMAY FROM THE NEW CHAMPION: MISS BROUGH, SEEN AFTER MISSING A SHOT DURING HER MATCH WITH MRS. FLEITZ IN THE FINAL.



CHAMPION FOR THE FOURTH TIME: MISS LOUISE BROUGH, OF THE UNITED STATES, MAKING HER REMARKABLE COME-BACK AT WIMBLEDON THIS YEAR.



PLAYING TO A PLAN WHICH SHE EXECUTED WITH GRIM DETERMINATION: MISS BROUGH WHO PLAYED SOME WONDERFUL BASE-LINE TENNIS.

together. R. N. Hartwig was the victor last year with M. G. Rose, and L. A. Hoad in 1953 with K. R. Rosewall. In the closing match of the Championships on the Centre Court, the mixed doubles, V. Seixas and Miss D. Hart, of the U.S.A., defeated E. Moya (Argentina) and Miss L. Brough (U.S.A.) by 8-6, 2-6, 6-3. Although Miss D. Hart (seeded No. 1 in the singles) was not a singles finalist this year, her victory in the mixed doubles gave her her tenth title. In all events, at Wimbledon. The total attendance during the championships was estimated at 280,000.

BISMARCK'S COMPLEX CHARACTER.

"BISMARCK: THE MAN AND THE STATESMAN"; By A. J. P. TAYLOR.*

An Appreciation by SIR JOHN SQUIRE.

BISMARCK has been seen in various lights by successive generations. Fifty or sixty years ago he was almost universally referred to in the British Press as "The Iron Chancellor"; and British head-wagging over his dismissal by the young Kaiser William II. was faithfully reflected in Tenniel's famous *Punch* cartoon, "Dropping the Pilot." He was the stern and ruthless, wise and resolute, old man who had raised the King of Prussia to an Imperial throne, given Germany a place among the greatest Powers, and so fostered her economy and social progress that she was rapidly becoming a rival of Britain as a trading nation. Later, as the trade rival was gradually revealed as a naval and military menace, the representative German figure in the popular Press was no longer an old gaffer with a huge curved pipe, a smoking-cap and a stein of beer, but a strutting young Kaiser with swaggering moustache, shining corselet and gauntlets, and especially when Bismarck's creation precipitated a ruinous war, a new picture of history became accepted. The prologue, perhaps, was sited in the Court of Frederick the Great's father, a brute whose hobby was scouring his dominions for giants whom he could put into uniform and drill. Then came Frederick the Great. The Mark of Brandenburg had already grown into the Kingdom of Prussia, and with Frederick began the gobbling-up process. Frederick was almost as complex a character as Bismarck. He denounced war in interminable French verses, achieved a military masterpiece at Leuthen, and raped Silesia from poor Maria Theresa with a lack of scruple which must have commanded the admiration of Hitler.

Then came the first of the black-guardly partitions of Poland. The Napoleonic incursions and the abolition of the Holy Roman Empire led to a great surge of opinion, especially among the romantic young, in favour of a united Germany, and there was, especially in Protestant quarters, a tendency to look for leadership to the rising star of Prussia rather than to the setting star of Austria. That is where Bismarck, who was born in 1815, came in; and the accepted picture of him became that of a man, still of iron, and (in his own phrase) of "blood and iron," who deliberately set out with a plan to promote the expansion and power of Prussia, as Prussia and as the dominating element in Germany, and achieved his aim through a series of planned and rapidly successful wars. This act in the envisaged German drama was certainly plausible. There was the seizure of the Schleswig-Holstein Duchies from Denmark. There was the quick success against Austria. There was the overwhelming victory over France and the seizure of Alsace-Lorraine: accompanied by the rather sadistic crowning of William I. as German Emperor in the Palace of Versailles—which was rubbing salt in the French wound. Bismarck, it seemed, was the long-distance Planner: but he had put expansionist ideas into the German head which could only lead to disaster.

Mr. Taylor, after another lapse of time, produces a "new view" of Bismarck. He presents him as a frustrated artist (a very common type amongst men of violent action), an improviser politically, and a man who cared much more for power for himself than he cared for any ultimate aim, whether the welfare of Germany, the welfare of Europe, or the welfare of the world. He is reported as saying: "Louis XIV. said 'L'état, c'est moi.' I say 'Moi, je suis l'état.'" Throughout his career he was never a pilot, but a man who trimmed his sails to the wind: in so far as he was a pilot he was a pilot who, as soon as he had clambered aboard (and for many years he was permanently aboard), said to the captain, "You suggested my taking you up the Thames but

I'm going to take you up the Seine instead, or perhaps the Danube or the Vistula." He bossed the old William I.; he could never have bossed the son Frederick, who, a sick man, hardly gets a fair show in this book, and William II., who dropped the pilot, didn't want to be bossed by anybody, but ended, not really wanting a war, by being bossed by the General Staff, Wagnerian dreams and his own withered arm.

"The Man and the Statesman" is the sub-title of this very just, penetrating, and at moments almost despairingly cynical, book. The "man," who seems to have had no firm friends since he left the University (one of those, oddly, was J. L. Motley, the historian who, had he lived long enough, might have given a ghastly verdict against Bismarck), who embedded himself in the Bible and Shakespeare (the Bible to him, as to Oliver Cromwell, was chiefly the Old

I take it that the general conception of a statesman is a man who foresees the future and tries to make arrangements to cope with it. In the international sphere a statesman in this country would have been a man who followed Jacky Fisher's advice to "Copenhagen" the German Fleet that could only be aimed at us, or who called "Halt" when Hitler invaded the Rhineland, and thereby precipitated Hitler's suicide and averted all our recent woe. No

such statesman appeared. In domestic affairs a man would certainly be considered a statesman who made a Five-Year Plan and carried it out. Was any Five-Year Plan ever carried out? I wonder sometimes—not being the late Lord Macaulay, I can't state it positively—whether there ever has been a statesman, except for the makers of Utopias.

Our governors live from hand-to-mouth; and more and more so as the suffrage is extended. Bismarck lived from hand-to-mouth; he would even have become a Social Democrat and nationalised everything had it been certain that he could have retained control. Mr. Taylor says about Bismarck's change of foreign policy in 1879: "It would be easier to explain Bismarck's new foreign policy if he had not explained it so much himself. His explanations were not made for the benefit of posterity, a subject which never interested him. They were advocacy, directed to the person with whom he was arguing. William I. had to be frightened by the story that Germany was in danger of immediate attack from Russia or even—being a very old man—by echoes from the Seven Years War. More hard-headed diplomatists had to be told that Bismarck wished to revive the 'organic union' of all Germans which he had destroyed in 1866. The French were assured that his object was to prevent the dismemberment of the Habsburg monarchy—a cause in which they also were deeply interested. The British were told that the alliance would create an unbreakable barrier against Russia; the Russians that it would sever Austria-Hungary from Great Britain—I wanted to dig a ditch between her and the Western Powers.' No doubt there was some truth in all these stories. It was part of Bismarck's strength that he always believed what he said, at any rate while he was saying it. Only one story was pure legend, credited in after years. In 1870 Bismarck was taken by surprise and improvised a war at the last moment. It suited

him better later on to make out that he had planned the war against France for many years. Exactly the opposite was true in 1879. He deliberately planned the alliance with Austria-Hungary; but when its consequences appeared inconvenient for him, he made out that he had been hustled into it by events."

He was, in fact, a politician. He was a weather-cock. But weather-cocks have firm bases, and so had Bismarck. "I am the greatest German who ever lived," said Hitler. That also, alas, was the view of this little country squire who became General Prince Bismarck. Frankly, I don't think he cared about anything but himself.

This is a very good book. There are illustrations. They all represent Bismarck at various stages, and he was no Adonis at any time. I think that some of his country houses might have been shown.

Novels are reviewed by K. John, and other books by E. D. O'Brien, on page 84 of this issue.



MR. A. J. P. TAYLOR, THE AUTHOR OF THE BOOK REVIEWED ON THIS PAGE.

Mr. Alan J. P. Taylor, who is a Fellow of Magdalen College, Oxford, and Tutor in Modern History at the same college, was born in 1906. He has written a number of books, including "The Course of German History," "From Napoleon to Stalin," and "The Struggle for Mastery in Europe, 1848-1918."



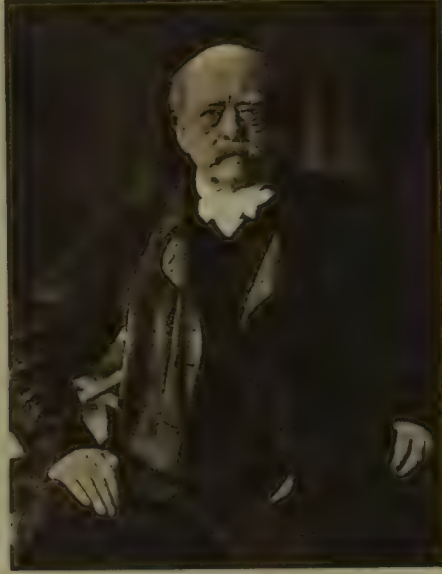
BISMARCK IN 1855.



BISMARCK IN 1877.



BISMARCK IN 1889.



BISMARCK IN 1895.

Sir John Squire, in his review of Mr. Taylor's book on Bismarck, remarks that the latter was "no Adonis at any time." These four photographs, which are reproduced from the book, show Bismarck first at the age of forty, and in the last photograph, dated 1895, as an old man of eighty. He died on July 30, 1898. Mr. Taylor describes how, just before he died, he was offered refreshment from a spoon: "... he pushed the spoon aside, exclaimed 'Forward!', grasped the glass, and drank its contents undisturbed."

Illustrations reproduced from the book "Bismarck: The Man and the Statesman"; by courtesy of the Publisher, Hamish Hamilton.

Testament), who posed as a farmer when he knew nothing about farming, and described himself as "a gentleman and a soldier" when he was neither; can be deduced from various glimpses and quotations in Mr. Taylor's excellent narrative. As for "statesman," that is another matter.

Were I guaranteed another hundred years of life and protection against Socialist legislation, I might, after long brooding, come to some conclusion as to what a statesman is. I remember thirty years ago walking from Thursley to Churt across the Devil's Jumps with H. A. L. Fisher: we were going to have tea with Lloyd George, in whose Cabinet Fisher had been, and for whose inspirational drive Fisher had an unqualified admiration. We discussed the charm, vigour and (I could use another word, but he liked him) adaptability of our prospective host, and Fisher said that Lloyd George had once said to him: "Great statesmen are fairly common; great politicians are rare; I am a great politician." The last clause was certainly true; but I raised my eyebrows at the first.

* "Bismarck: The Man and the Statesman." By A. J. P. Taylor, Fellow of Magdalen College, Oxford. Illustrated. (Hamish Hamilton; 18s.)



A VAST RIPPLING CHAIN-MAIL PATTERN OF HUMAN BODIES, CAUGHT IN A MOMENT OF TIME BY THE CAMERA: PAIRS OF BOYS AND GIRLS, IN ALTERNATE DIAGONAL LINES, TAKING PART IN A GREAT PHYSICAL FITNESS DISPLAY AT PRAGUE.



PHYSICAL FITNESS BY THE MULTITUDE: SOME OF THE 76,000 BOYS AND GIRLS TAKING PART IN THE NATIONAL SPARTAKIADE IN THE STRAHOV STADIUM AT PRAGUE, IN WHICH MASS DRILLS AND COMPLEX EVOLUTIONS AND PATTERNS MADE A STRIKING EFFECT.

WITH THOUSANDS OF BODIES MOVING AS ONE: THE PATTERNS OF PHYSICAL TRAINING, AT PRAGUE.

Mass displays of physical culture training have for many years been a feature of the education of the youth of Czechoslovakia; and the two photographs which we reproduce above were taken this summer at what is described as the first National Spartakiade, held in the huge Strahov Stadium in Prague. About 76,000 boys and girls took part in the display and there were something like

170,000 spectators. Fascinating though the patterns of the evolutions usual in such displays are, even when caught in a moment of time by the camera, and, so, recorded like a frieze of statuary, their chief charm lies in their rhythmic movement, when thousands of individual children's bodies move as one like Aeschylus' "multitudinous laughter of the waves of ocean."

THE battle for the right of Western Germany to defend itself went on year by year. It was an international problem. At one time it seemed likely to become a vicious circle because, the longer the struggle and the manoeuvres behind it continued, the greater was the tendency for opposition to crop up in fresh places. At length the problem was solved on a fairly satisfactory basis, in great part by means of the good offices of Britain in providing assurances to meet French anxieties. Those who had taken a pessimistic view of the international effects were proved wrong. They had foretold a refusal on the part of Soviet Russia to negotiate on the future of Germany and, in particular, German unity. Nothing of the kind followed. In fact, within a very short time after the settlement, the subject was under discussion by all the parties concerned. It is now about to be examined more closely. It is not going to be easy, but it has made progress.

There were fewer pessimists on the domestic side. To most observers it seemed reasonable to suppose that the Federal Chancellor would be able to put into operation without undue delay a policy which had already been sanctioned at home and abroad. The opposition of the Social Democrats was taken for granted, but this had been a factor which Dr. Adenauer had always had to reckon with. Yet all interested in the subject, including the writer of these lines, should have paid more attention to the differences within the bosom of the Federal Government's own majority. Some of the signs date back to the year 1954. For example, the restive Free Democrats extracted from the Chancellor a pledge on legislation involving amendment of the Basic Law and requiring a two-thirds majority. Now they find themselves in a strong position because, owing to division in the so-called Refugee Block, a two-thirds majority may not be practicable. One appointment requiring constitutional amendment is that of Commander-in-Chief. The Free Democrats propose that it should be held by the President, which would hardly suit the Chancellor.

Another matter which at first glance seemed unlikely to cause trouble has for the time being become more prominent. The legal basis of West German defence is to depend upon the "Soldiers Bill." This is clearly going to take a long time to pass. If the Chancellor were to wait until it became law, another long delay would be necessary before he could create the merest skeleton of the armed forces. He and his advisers, therefore, determined on a measure which has, perhaps to his astonishment, aroused a political storm. This was a "Volunteers Bill" which could, it was hoped, be passed rapidly. Like Jack Easy's wet-nurse, who excused herself for having given birth to a baby on the ground that it was such a little one, Chancellor Adenauer may have considered that his spiritual infant would not be subjected to close scrutiny, but much concern over its legitimacy has already been expressed.

The Bill was to provide for the raising of 6000 volunteers, a trifling number. It was to be superseded by the Soldiers Bill and in any event its provisions were to come to an end on March 31 next. So far so good, but in the interval between the coming into force of the two Bills and the supersession of the first by the second, the control of the small force mentioned was to be exercised by the Chancellor by decree. Little has been heard of the means by which these officers and men were to be selected. In view of outside comments on German rearmament and internal anxiety on the subject of militarism, there need be no surprise that the Bundestag should scrutinise sharply all military legislation. (The Soldiers Bill, from what we already know of it, could hardly have been more democratic.) It is claimed that the Chancellor has beaten the gun and intends to begin the creation of a German Army before its constitutional position has been decided.

It would be a serious matter for him if there were failure to pass the Volunteers Bill before the parliamentary adjournment. In the first place, it must be supposed that this cadre has before it a great number of duties of the highest importance. The most obvious

A WINDOW ON THE WORLD. THE GERMAN MILITARY PROBLEM—IN GERMANY.

By CYRIL FALLS,

Sometime Chichele Professor of the History of War, Oxford.

are those of administrative preparation for the new armed forces. It is also to be supposed, however, that a considerable proportion of the officers and men would be sent to military educational and training establishments within the frame of N.A.T.O., chiefly American and British—and that another section would be required to take over foreign equipment and become familiar with it. Apart from this, it may be expected that certain attachments to the allied forces would be made, and it must be remembered that, in default of the Volunteers Bill or some substitute for it, the Government would possess no officers of military rank whatever.

These reasons are in themselves sufficient to make it clear that the creation of a military cadre, pending the passing of the Soldiers Bill, is a matter of urgency. Yet those who may be supposed to have derived their inspiration from the Federal Government have been the first to admit that there are political reasons also. These are, in themselves, nothing to be ashamed of. Dr. Adenauer is said to feel that he would face future negotiations in a weak situation if he were not supported by at least a bare frame, something to show that he had not wasted time and was making progress

A SALUTE TO THE U.N. CHARTER.



THE UNITED NATIONS TENTH ANNIVERSARY CELEBRATIONS: THE ORIGINAL CHARTER APPLAUDED BY OFFICERS AND DELEGATES ON THE ROSTRUM OF THE OPERA HOUSE, SAN FRANCISCO, ON THE FINAL DAY, JUNE 26.

The United Nations Tenth Anniversary celebrations ended on June 26, anniversary of the signing of the Charter by representatives of the fifty Allied Nations in 1945. Our photograph shows the moment when, the Original Charter having been laid on a stand in the centre of the rostrum at the Opera House, San Francisco, its appearance was greeted with loud applause. From left to right in the front row on the left are past-Presidents, Mr. Lester Pearson (Canada), seventh Session, 1952; Dr. Luis Padilla-Nervo (Mexico), sixth Session, 1951; Mr. Nasrollah Entezam (Iran), fifth Session, 1950; and Mr. E. van Kleffens (Netherlands), ninth Session, actual President. In the front row, right, left to right, are Colonel Romulo (Philippines), fourth Session, 1949; Mr. Paul Henri Spaak (Belgium), first Session, 1946, and the present Secretary-General, Mr. Dag Hammarskjöld. The private exchanges between the Four Great Powers, and more specially, the definition of their positions by the United States and Russia, were important features of the gathering; and a generally hopeful feeling developed that, with the coming conferences at Geneva, some progress towards the goal of peaceful co-existence may be achieved. At the concluding Session, Mr. Van Kleffens, the President, read a declaration reaffirming the member nations' common "determination to avoid war." It will be remembered that the foundations of the Charter of the U.N. were laid at the Conference of Foreign Ministers at Moscow in 1943, and upon these a structure was built at the meetings at Dumbarton Oaks in August-October 1944; and that after discussion and criticism at San Francisco in 1945, the signatures were appended by the fifty member nations.

on a defensive structure. We must assume that he has explored possible courses and has found suitable no other than that which he has proposed. Eastern Germany has gone a long way towards rearmament and outlined its plans for making this complete. Communist régimes face no delays in such matters.

Alertness and even suspicion on the part of the Opposition in the Federal Republic and a critical temper in sections of the coalition which supports the Government can, as suggested above, be amply justified. The constitution of the German armed forces may play an important part in the future of world peace. Yet party politics play a part in the affair. The original pessimism of many foreigners as to the effect of rearmament on Soviet Russia was shared by the Social Democrats. They were, in any case, generally opposed to rearmament. Now they think that if they can hold the Chancellor up, even in the matter of his Volunteers Bill, they will bring German unity further to the front and make its achievement easier. This is a political manoeuvre, perhaps not discreditable in the light of their opinions, but a risky one. As for the Free Democrats, it looks as though they would rather put the business back into the melting-pot than let the Volunteers Bill go through in its present form.

On June 27 Herr Blank, the Minister of Defence, introduced the Volunteers Bill in the Bundestag with a comprehensive description of the Government's

defence policy. As regards the Bill itself he said that it was out of the question to lose altogether the time which would be required to consider and pass the various Bills, amounting to less than ten, for the calling up and maintenance of the main body of the armed forces. He argued that the Volunteers Bill did not encroach on this permanent legislation. He would not agree that the Bundestag's

assent to the former was needed. I can carry this question no further to-day, except to say that Herr Blank made clear the Government's determination not to make concessions on the form of the Bill, which it clearly regards as vital to the West German defence programme.

Of wider interest was the Minister's survey of the problem as a whole. Perhaps most of the points which he made have already become familiar to those who have been following German political affairs, but this was a parliamentary speech which will receive more outside attention than his former allusions to the subject. He made clear the difficulty of the task of creating armed forces from nothing, and said that this was particularly great for a new democracy which had to prove its right to be so called at every step. On the other hand, since West Germany started without traditions or military institutions, which might have been found a burden from this point of view, it had the opportunity to create a military machine in the fullest accordance with its ideas. On one point he laid particular insistence: parliamentary control of the armed forces must be tighter than it has previously been in Germany. On no account must the Army be allowed to become a state within a state.

He undertook a philosophical exposition of the obligation of self-defence. The citizen ought not to regard the soldier as something evil, a doctrine, by the way, which was prevalent in a large section of our own population in the years between the two great wars. Such a doctrine, he said, led to the isolation of the military forces from the nation as a whole, which the Government desired above all things to prevent. The soldier's duty and the maintenance of civil liberty sometimes came into conflict, but the Government meant to reconcile them so far as this was humanly possible. At the same time he praised the loyalty and bravery of the German soldier in the past. It was not he who had failed to live up to the ideal which the Minister was now upholding; it was criminal leadership in the State which had brought tragedy on the soldier. Here Herr Blank was entitled by his own past record to take a lofty stand.

He announced that the Government would do its utmost to ensure that officers selected for the high appointments should be men who supported the democratic basis of the present constitution, while at the same time endowed with the gifts of leadership. Speaking of war crimes, he brought up the old problem of responsibility on the part of junior officers and rank and file. The powers of command, he said, were to be linked to justice by law. He considered that this law would virtually do away with the dilemma of the junior when given a criminal order by the senior. The law would deprive any criminal order of its authority. Herr Blank does not, as an orator, arouse enthusiasm, but he always gives the impression of honesty, sincerity, and a sense of responsibility. He has on several occasions run into trouble through lack of adroitness, but it is doubtful if the Chancellor could find anyone more fitted by his personal character to undertake this task.

The intricacies of the West German constitution—practical instrument though it has proved and one in some respects to be envied in several countries—are such that it is hard for an outsider to judge whether the Federal Chancellor could have proceeded with the Volunteers Bill on other lines. What is not, in my view, questionable is the necessity for the small cadre which the Bill is designed to create and maintain. Without it something of the sort would have to be brought into being as soon as the Soldiers Bill had become law, and it would be impossible to begin training until this had been done. I am sure Dr. Adenauer is right in his objective, though I am not qualified to say whether or not his method could have been bettered.

ADMIRAL PIZEY'S LAST COMMAND IN INDIA: SCENES DURING HIS FAREWELL VISIT TO THE INDIAN NAVY.



TRAVELLING FROM THE COMMANDER'S HOUSE AT I.N.S. SHIVAJI TO THE MAIN GATES: ADMIRAL SIR MARK PIZEY ABOARD HIS "BARGE" RIGGED UP OVER A JEEP.



AT THE END OF THE DAY: CAPTAIN CAMERON (RIGHT), OF I.N.S. RAJPUT, PRESENTING ADMIRAL PIZEY WITH HIS PERSONAL FLAG AS A SOUVENIR OF HIS LAST DAY AT SEA WITH THE INDIAN NAVY.



(ABOVE.) SAILING PAST I.N.S. RAJPUT TO SALUTE ADMIRAL PIZEY: THE INDIAN NAVY FLOTILLA ON ITS WAY TO THE MEDITERRANEAN.



AFTER HIS FAREWELL VISIT TO THE INDIAN NAVY ESTABLISHMENT: OFFICERS RAISING THEIR CAPS AND CHEERING AS ADMIRAL PIZEY LEAVES I.N.S. SHIVAJI.

ADMIRAL SIR MARK PIZEY, whose appointment as Commander-in-Chief, Plymouth, was announced last month, has been Chief of Naval Staff, Indian Navy, since 1951. He recently paid a special visit to Bombay to say farewell to the Indian Navy Flotilla before it left for its annual summer cruise and manœuvres in the Mediterranean. Admiral Pizey took over command of the flotilla for the day from Rear-Admiral Sir St. J. Tyrwhitt, and conducted manœuvres just off Bombay. He first paid a final visit to the flagship, I.N.S. *Delhi*, from which he broadcast a message to all ranks in the flotilla. He then went aboard the destroyer I.N.S. *Rajput* and led the flotilla out to sea for a brief exercise. Before the Admiral went ashore the flotilla sailed past *Rajput* and he took the salute from the bridge. Admiral Pizey was then presented with his personal flag, which was flown during the day, by Captain D. St. J. Cameron, of *Rajput*. At another farewell occasion Admiral and Lady Pizey were guests of honour at a ball given by the Naval Officers' Wives Association at I.N.S. *Shivaji*, the Indian Navy establishment at Lonavla, about eighty miles from Bombay.



PHOTOGRAPHED FROM THE ADMIRAL'S BARGE AS ADMIRAL PIZEY LEFT THE DESTROYER TO RETURN TO BOMBAY: I.N.S. RAJPUT, ON WHICH THE ADMIRAL SPENT HIS LAST DAY AT SEA WITH THE INDIAN NAVY. THE MEN OF RAJPUT CAN BE SEEN LINING THE RAILS AND CHEERING.



OPERATION, AND THE "REPEATERS" ON THE BED OF THE ATLANTIC WHICH MAKE IT POSSIBLE.

Here it enters the transatlantic cable and is classified by fifty-two repeaters, some of them at 2500 fathoms depth, reaches Clarenville, Newfoundland. Thence the cable travels overground across Newfoundland (with two British-made repeaters incorporated); and under the sea of the Cabot Strait (with fourteen repeaters) to the Canadian coast. From there it is connected to the Canadian telephone system to connect with the U.S. Bell System network and the Canadian communications network. The feature of this telephone cable which is most remarkable is the system of "repeaters," amplifying equipment, which is, so to speak, built into the cable itself. The system is such that the voice is amplified as it travels (the voice) passing through the cable. On land and in the shallow-water stretch

between Newfoundland and Nova Scotia, the rigid British "repeater" is used. This gives a signal either way. In the Atlantic section, however, a flexible American "repeater" is used. This, however, is a single-way-only transmitter and receiver. Therefore, in the Atlantic, two cables are required. The greater part of the cable, valued at about £5,000,000, is being manufactured by Submarine Cables Ltd. at their new factory at Erith, Kent. The whole of the transatlantic cable-laying is being done by the world's largest cable-laying ship, H.M. Telegraph Ship *Concordia* (built for the G.P.O. by Messrs. Harland & Wolff, Ltd., Glasgow), as follows:—The *Concordia* is now at sea, having a section of cable (217 nautical miles) long under way from Clarenville, Newfoundland, buoying the eastward end of it. *Monarch* is now at Clarenville, Newfoundland, buoying the westward end of it.

then returns to the country and the buoy off Newfoundland, she lays the whole of the long central cable of the coast of Scotland. Thereafter, she begins laying the cable in reverse direction, during the summer of 1956. H.M.T.S. *Monarch* (8056 tons) can carry with full oil bunkers between 5000 and 6000 tons of cable, and is the only cable ship afloat capable of laying cable since the days of the *Thetis*, who has been in the Post Office Department service for nearly twenty years.

DRAWN BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST, G. H. DAVIS, WITH THE

IN AN ENGLISH GARDEN.

REAL JUNE.

By CLARENCE ELLIOTT, V.M.H.

together, a most enchanting medley of purest rose-pink—and rose scent—and the pure sapphire satin of the Narbonne flax. The little rose-bushes are a trifle taller than the 2-ft. *linum* plants. This seems to me to be one of those happy garden accidents which should be left well alone for as long as they are content to behave themselves, without any struggle for supremacy by either plant.



THE VERY RARE ENGLISH NATIVE, *CYPRIPEDIUM CALCEOLUS*: "WITH ITS CURIOUS AND HANDSOME BLOSSOMS, WITH TWISTED, CHOCOLATE-COLOURED PETALS AND AN AMBER-COLOURED LABELLUM, OR BAG—OR SLIPPER."

Photograph by R. A. Malby and Co.



what Christmas cards would have us believe the typical English Christmas morning is like—a white Christmas landscape, with the snow nicely sprinkled with the traditional, frosty sparkle-dust. I will not attempt to describe this particular "typical" June morning, but those of you who have reasonably long memories will remember the sort of loveliness I mean.

Not only is it June, but summer, too. The last cuckoos have left. Odd how year after year folk write to the papers to say they have heard the cuckoo when quite obviously they could not possibly have done so. The bird's monotonous and rather silly song is so essentially of spring, and therefore so welcome, that optimists go about quite honestly believing that they have heard it, when the birds are still hundreds of miles away. But thrilled though I always am to hear my first cuckoo, and even to "almost" hear it, I confess that I am a little glad when I wake up to the negative fact that the cuckoo's spring recital which so insistently and monotonously "mocks married men" is over, especially as in the last phase before the bird's departure it degenerates into that rather irritating, guggly-guggly stammer.

The flowering of the cuckoo flower, *Cardamine pratensis*, always coincides fairly accurately with cuckoo-bird time—in this part of England, at any rate. Its cool lilac blossoms are beautiful in the ditches, and to me they are especially welcome in the water meadows where I go a-trouting early in the season. The double-flowered cuckoo flower, too, is a grand garden plant, forming close evergreen mats of foliage almost suggesting some small, prostrate watercress, and then in due season producing a tremendous crop of flowers like 6-9-inch double lilac stocks. Although in nature a moisture-loving plant, it is a good perennial, and quite easy to manage in ordinary garden conditions. I used to visit a colony of the double cuckoo flower, growing mixed with the single—quite wild—in a swampy meadow near Stevenage, in Hertfordshire. In my garden here it flourishes and flowers equally well in ordinary rather heavy loam in positions facing west, north and full south. A first-rate and really delightful garden plant.

The only other cuckoo manifestation in my garden at the moment is a profuse crop of cuckoo-spit: dollops of white, frothy spit clinging to certain plants. In the centre of each sits a jolly little creature looking like a very small, fat, green grasshopper. Scientists have assured me that all that great mass of froth is produced by my little green friend who sits there for ever blowing bubbles. Fiddlesticks! Likewise poppycock! I was distinctly told by my Nanna when I was very small that the spit was cuckoo-spit, put there by cuckoos, and to that simple theory it pleases me to cling. The spits are doubtless deadly accurate Parthian shots by departing cuckoos, contemptuous comments, maybe, on our climate. The fat, little green fellow creeps inside because he enjoys the cool, moist comfort of the situation, and because the subdued light is restful to his rather weak eyes. At the same time I sincerely hope that Dr. Maurice Burton will not read this article!

A year ago I was slightly irked to find that some young plants of *Linum narbonne* had somehow or other got themselves mixed up with a group of five or six bushes of Rose de Meaux, in the forefront of a mixed shrub and flower border. It was only through a prolonged course of procrastination on my part that they were never sorted out. To-day I am profoundly aware of the benefits—sometimes—of putting-off and putting-off! The roses and the *linums* are all in full flower

Growing on a post-and-rail fence at the back of this same border is a most beautiful yellow rose, a strong climber, which has recently found its way into commerce under the name of "Lawrence Johnston"—the maker of the famous garden at Hidcote Manor. My own plant was given me as a cutting by Major Johnston after I had admired his specimen rioting over a stone wall to a height of 15 or 20 ft. The story of this rose's origin, which Major Johnston told me, was, as far as I can remember, that he saw it, a seedling, on a rose nursery in France. Its raiser thought little of it, was going to discard it, and was quite glad to give it to Major Johnston. It is, as I say, a rampant grower, with attractive, very glossy foliage, and clusters—threes and fours—of big, semi-single roses of an outstandingly beautiful pure gold. Last year the plant had got rather out of hand, so early this spring I tackled it, cutting out a good many main stems, and tied in four or five which remained, loosely arched, to the fence, after which I pruned back all their side branches pretty severely. The result has fully justified the somewhat savage treatment, for "Lawrence Johnston" is flowering superbly and profusely. But it is, I think, a one-crop rose. This, however, can be forgiven. One can be grateful for a certain number of non-stop, all-the-season-through plants, and at the same time thankful that all good plants do not flower all the time, from spring till autumn, and then half-through the winter as well. That would be an intolerable bore.

In a stone trough filled with rather peaty soil a superb hardy ground orchid is flowering just now, the North American lady's slipper orchid, *Cypripedium reginae*. I bought it as a small pot-grown specimen three years ago, and last year it produced one leafy stem carrying one flower. This year there are two stems, each with a solitary flower. And what flowers!

There are four snow-white petals—or are they sepals, or both? Anyway, they are generously broad and handsome (the whole flower measuring 4 ins. across), and at their centre is a huge, inflated, rose-coloured bag or slipper. My plant stands 15 ins. high, but mature, well-established specimens will form really generous clumps with many stems reaching a height of from 1½ to 3 ft. In the same trough I have a plant of our own native lady's slipper orchid, *Cypripedium calceolus*, which flowered earlier this year, with its curious and handsome blossoms, with twisted, chocolate-coloured petals and an amber-coloured labellum, or bag—or slipper.

One of the most valuable rock-garden introductions of recent years is surely *Geranium dalmaticum*. I do not know exactly when it was first introduced, and I do not find it mentioned in the R.H.S. "Dictionary of Gardening" (1951). I only made its personal acquaintance last year. It is a hardy and most willing grower, with a long summer flowering season. The strength of its growth apparently depends on the generosity of the fare that it gets. Planted out on poor, stony scree soil it remains dwarf and compact, as also does a specimen which I planted in a crevice in a wall garden—small, but most attractive. On the other hand, four or five specimens planted out last year in good loam at the front of a border have joined up into a fine mound of foliage a foot high and a yard across, which is just beginning to produce its very attractive rose-pink blossoms. The plant seems to set no seeds, but is easy to increase by cuttings or just by pulling up, pulling apart, and replanting. But in spite of its free growth on good soil, I feel very sure that it will never prove a land-grabbing nuisance. I would describe *Geranium dalmaticum* as a most promising new hardy plant, a plant of exceptional beauty and a many-purpose species.



"A RAMPANT GROWER, WITH ATTRACTIVE, VERY GLOSSY FOLIAGE, AND CLUSTERS—THREES AND FOURS—OF BIG, SEMI-SINGLE ROSES OF AN OUTSTANDINGLY BEAUTIFUL PURE GOLD": ROSE "LAWRENCE JOHNSTON," WHICH "HAS RECENTLY FOUND ITS WAY INTO COMMERCE."

Photograph by J. E. Downward.



A COSTUME MUSEUM: BYGONE FASHIONS—ROYAL, DOMESTIC, SPORTING.

THE opening by Queen Elizabeth the Queen Mother on June 8 of the Museum of Costume at Eridge Castle, Kent, provided the happy ending to a long story of endeavour and disappointment. Mrs. Doris Langley Moore, the founder, has for twenty-five years been collecting period costumes, but her plan for the museum met with many setbacks. It was originally intended that it should occupy a house in Great Cumberland Place, but this project could not be carried through; and it was only when, last year, the Marquess of Abergavenny generously offered two disused wings of Eridge Castle, Kent, to house the collection, that the museum could be established on a permanent basis. It is now open daily (except Mondays, though it will open on Bank

[Continued below, centre.



MADE WITH SLEEVES ELABORATELY PUFFED ABOVE THE ELBOW: A RIDING HABIT OF 1825 WORN WITH A HIGH HAT.



EXQUISITELY EMBROIDERED WITH PEARLS: A BEAUTIFUL WHITE SATIN WEDDING DRESS OF 1888.



WORN UNDER A VELVET COAT WITH A FUR COLLAR: AN EVENING DRESS OF 1929 IN PATTERNED MATERIAL.



CARRYING A MUFF, AND WITH HER HAIR IN A NET: A YOUNG GIRL IN AN OUTDOOR DRESS OF 1873.



THE PROGRESS OF SHAPE AND DESIGN IN SHOES: ON THE TOP SHELF FROM 1750-1800; THE MIDDLE SHELF, 1800-1830; AND THE BOTTOM, c. 1750-c. 1850.



ROYAL DRESSES: (LEFT) A CRAPE-TRIMMED MODEL 1880, WORN BY QUEEN VICTORIA, AND (RIGHT) A VELVET AND SEQUIN EVENING DRESS WORN BY QUEEN ALEXANDRA IN 1908.

[Continued.] Holiday; and Sunday morning), admission 2s. 6d. for adults, and 1s. 6d. for children. We illustrate a few of the exhibits. The museum is admirably arranged, and as well as the costumes shown on dummies (many of which are period figures), jewellery and accessories are displayed on life-size photostats of contemporary fashion drawings. Mrs. Langley Moore had great difficulty in finding enough dummies, and when heads were needed, a collection of plaster casts of classic heads was obtained from the British Museum, painted and given suitable coiffures. The collection is so large that only a certain number of dresses are on view; but changes will be rung. Although Mrs. Langley Moore is always glad to receive offers of gifts, it is not advisable to send anything before inquiring whether similar objects are already in the collection. The dresses and accessories on view date from 1720; and the dummies on which they are displayed are grouped very ingeniously. Her Majesty the Queen Mother congratulated Mrs. Langley Moore when she opened the Museum. Lady Abergavenny takes a personal interest in it and is President of the Council.



ORDERED FOR THE ROYAL NAVY: THE D.H.110, THE FASTEST AND MOST POWERFUL ALL-WEATHER FIGHTER TO BE BUILT FOR OPERATIONS FROM BRITISH AIRCRAFT-CARRIERS.

The D.H.110 was the first operational British aircraft to exceed the speed of sound—in a dive on April 19, 1952. Since then it has been fitted with an all-moving tailplane—the first British aircraft to be so equipped since the D.H.77 interceptor of 1929—and exceeded the speed of sound on June 14, 1954, with the new tailplane. In September last year the aircraft completed a series of touch-and-go trials on H.M.S. *Abdiel* and was expected to carry out arrested landing-on trials later this year. Early in 1955 the de Havilland Company received a production order from the Ministry of Supply on behalf of the Royal Navy for the D.H.110 all-weather interceptor with Rolls-Royce *Avon* engines. This decision will make available all

the aids of the most up-to-date and comprehensive radar apparatus, for locating and intercepting the enemy in all weathers, yet with a performance and fighting qualities fully comparable with the best land-based single-seat fighters of the coming generation. This new aircraft (which has not yet received an official name) is a two-seater which must carry a much more elaborate radar installation and heavier armament, at much greater speed, to a much greater height and with greater range and endurance, than the de Havilland *Sea Venom*. It must be completely controllable in the combat dive at supersonic speeds. It must have very great power and carry a large supply of fuel and must still be able to land on and take off from

an aircraft-carrier's limited deck-space and must be compact for stowage on deck and between decks. And it must be highly manoeuvrable and controllable up to stratospheric heights to tackle not only high-altitude convoy raiders and reconnaissance machines, but also the land-based single-seat fighter. These requirements the D.H.110 meets. All its controls are power-operated and it has excellent control in transonic and supersonic flight, as well as through the entire speed range down to the low speed of touch-down. The fact that the two Rolls-Royce *Avon* engines are so closely spaced affords not only the security of two engines for ocean missions in mixed weather but also a minimum of asymmetry with only one engine working and safe

handing on to the carrier, even in this condition. This is a very important factor. The rate of climb—to something like ten miles or so up—is outstanding, the rate of turn is very high and the stability in turns is excellent. Although designed as a high-altitude interceptor, it can also be employed as a ground-attack and naval strike aircraft; and this versatility calls for a wide range of weapons. As well as 30-mm. *Aden* guns, it is planned to carry air-launched guided weapons. Further mechanical development, especially in connection with power-folding of the wings, catapult gear, long-stroke undercarriage and steerable nose-wheel have been begun; and the date for full production has not yet been stated.

SPECIALLY DRAWN FOR "THE ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS" BY C. E. TURNER.

A MODERN ARCHÆOLOGICAL METHOD: RECORDING INSCRIPTIONS IN RUBBER LATEX, AND WHAT IS PROBABLY THE LARGEST "SQUEEZE" YET MADE IN THE FIELD.

Among the various ways of recording archaeological discoveries, photography, topographical survey and architectural drawing are well known; and the taking of papier-mâché "squeezes" has been used for many years. A relatively new method, which supersedes this latter, in simplicity, speed, efficiency and general convenience, is the taking of rubber latex impressions; and this method was used during the Nemrud Dag and Arsameia excavations described in our issues of June 18 and July 2. Mr. Kermit Goell, who recorded the inscriptions at both sites, describes the method.

THE material used for rubber impressions or "squeezes," as they are called by archaeologists, is a pre-vulcanised liquid latex which has a white-coloured fill added to give it opacity and so facilitate reading. For our purposes the material was packed in 5-gallon metal containers lined with an air-tight plastic sack. This type of packing was imperative in Kommagene, where the temperature was sometimes 130 deg. F. in the shade, or rapid deterioration, hardening and blackening resulted. The stone on which the inscription appeared usually had to be prepared—although, if one were working with fine-grained marbles or hard, unweathered limestone, only washing with water and a stiff brush to remove dirt and grit would be required. We found, however, that the incised inscriptions at Nemrud Dag were either on limestone which had become hard, pitted, porous and cracked, or on crumbly, laminated sandstone. Our first step, therefore, after washing, was to spray the surface of the stone with a thin coat of polyvinyl-acetate plastic dissolved in acetone, filling the undercuts and the deeper pores and creating a more uniform surface which minimised the risk of tearing the completed "squeeze" while it was being removed. Further to facilitate removal, when the plastic coat, still on the stone, had dried, a suspension of talcum powder in water was applied with a stiff brush, which left a microscopic film of talc. This latter process

(Continued below, centre.)



FIG. 1. SCIENCE AIDS THE FIELD ARCHÆOLOGIST: PAINTING LIQUID LATEX ON TO AN INSCRIPTION TO MAKE A RUBBER "SQUEEZE." THE BRUSH IS DIPPED IN SOAPY WATER TO PREVENT CLOGGING.



FIG. 2. AT WORK ON THE HUGE EDICT OF ARSAMEIA (FIGS. 7 AND 8). THE CROSSED BANDAGES CAN BE SEEN; AND THE OVERHANG IS BEING PACKED WITH COTTON-WOOL.



FIG. 3. THE SAME INSCRIBED STONE AS FIG. 1. HERE THE BANDAGES WHICH ARE BEING APPLIED TO THE LATEX IN A GRID PATTERN CAN BE SEEN. THEY SERVE TO STRENGTHEN THE WHOLE "SQUEEZE."



FIG. 4. BEGINNING TO REMOVE A COMPLETED LATEX "SQUEEZE" FROM THE BACK OF ONE OF THE HUGE STATUE BASES AT THE TOP OF NEMRUD DAGH.



FIG. 5. THE TECHNIQUE IS EQUALLY GOOD FOR CURVED SURFACES; AND HERE A LATIN INSCRIPTION ON A PILLAR OF A ROMAN BRIDGE NEAR ARSAMEIA IS BEING RECORDED.

(Continued.)

latex was applied in the early morning (Fig. 1); when the first was dry, the second was applied, usually a few hours later. Three coats in succession were thus applied by early afternoon, each brushed on at right-angles to the last in order to prevent warping of the finished "squeeze." Where depressions of cracks still remained in the stone, rubber was carefully applied up to the edges of the crack and the aperture was bridged with gauze strips. This gauze was of good quality, closely woven and sterile, if procurable. All holes and deep pitting were filled with loosely-packed gauze or cotton-wool (Fig. 2). These packings were covered with tightly-drawn strips, so that the final surface was

(Continued.)

is an advantage on any type of stone. The latex was then poured in small amounts into a portable container, and cool water, preferably distilled, was added, thinning the mixture to the consistency desired. In the case of fine-grained stone, like marble, with small lettering, the liquid is thinned to the consistency of milk, forming transparent "squeezes" which can be read in positive when held up to the light. In our case, we thinned the latex to the consistency of medium cream to lessen the penetration into the stone surface. This material was applied with a 2- or 3-in. paint-brush which was first soaked in soapy water. The brush had to be rinsed in this solution every ten minutes to prevent clogging. It also had to be soaked occasionally in coal oil or paraffin, which made the dried rubber swell so that it could be scraped off easily. In order to complete a large "squeeze" in twenty-four hours, the first coat of

(Continued below, left.)

unbroken. The entire "squeeze" was then backed with a grid or cribbing of gauze bandage to give it body and strength (Fig. 3). We found that 3-in. surgical bandages or strips applied 3 or 4 ins. apart, first in the breadth and then in the length, served us best. The strips were cut from one-metre bolts of gauze bought locally. A stripe of latex was painted down one edge of the inscription, as an



FIG. 6. THE COMPLETED LATEX "SQUEEZE" CAN BE ROLLED ROUND A POLE, STITCHED UP IN CLOTH AND CARRIED OVER ROUGH COUNTRY—ON DONKEY BACK.



FIG. 7. THE END OF WHAT IS BELIEVED TO BE THE LARGEST LATEX "SQUEEZE" EVER MADE IN THE FIELD: PEELING OFF THE RECORDING OF THE EDICT OF ANTIOCHUS AT ARSAMEIA. IN THE CENTRE CAN BE SEEN THE EFFECT OF THE PACKING OF THE OVERHANG SHOWN IN FIG. 2.



FIG. 8. DETAIL OF THE OPERATION SHOWN IN FIG. 7, TO SHOW THE BRILLIANT PRECISION OF THE LATEX RECORDING. THE INSCRIPTION IS ABOUT 7 FT. 6 INS. HIGH AND SOME 23 FT. FROM ONE SIDE TO THE OTHER. EIGHT GALLONS OF LATEX WERE USED IN MAKING THE "SQUEEZE."

adhesive, and the bandage was quickly unrolled upon it; the strip was immediately fastened down with another layer of rubber to make it adhere firmly. Stripe was added to stripe until the cribbing was complete. Just before night-fall, a final layer of latex was applied, and we left the "squeeze" in place overnight. In the morning it was carefully removed, precaution being taken to pull the flexible sheet off parallel to the cracks to prevent ripping (Figs. 4, 7 and 8). The rubber sheet obtained was air-dried for twenty-four hours, then sprinkled with unscented talcum powder and rolled on a smooth wooden pole. The roll was sewn into a cloth bag and stored in a cool place. This was easily transportable (Fig. 6) and could be handled roughly, which was its greatest

advantage over the highly perishable paper "squeezes" used formerly. Carefully powdered and stored flat in a dark place, preferably at 70 deg. F., "squeezes" made in this manner will remain in a pliable state for many years. They can survive endless folding and carrying, and handling by scholars and students for study purposes. For museum collections, plaster casts may be made from them. With slight variations and adaptations the method may also be used in making casts of seals, bas-reliefs and statuary. This flexible process is fascinating, because changing environments create fresh conditions resulting in problems which stimulate individual improvisation and adaptation.



A PAGE FOR COLLECTORS. WHERE EAST MET WEST.

By FRANK DAVIS.

COUNTING up blessings in a nice old-fashioned way, I can think of two among several. One is that I happened to spend a day or so in London, two or three years ago, when the Arts Council staged a show of exact copies of some of the Ravenna mosaics, so that I was able to see something of the technique employed. A second is that, fortified with the very elementary knowledge thus acquired, I managed to transport myself to Ravenna and made the acquaintance of the things themselves in their own superb setting. Here is a book* about the mosaics in one church only of that remote little city, which was once, for a few brief years, more important than Rome;

nearly smooth—surfaces are those parts which have been gilded. The total effect is one of great brilliance and liveliness, not at all that of the mosaic pavements to which we have been so long accustomed. It was interesting to look at the faithful copies of certain details of these mosaics in the very strong light of a London gallery, and then to note how much softer in tone the originals are in their own home, not because of any lack of brilliance in the materials of which they were made 1400 years ago, but simply because of the subdued lighting. I have seen printed reproductions which have given the impression that they were made under a very strong artificial light; it is a great virtue of the forty large colour plates in this book that they do render with great fidelity the apparent softness of the tones under what must be the normal conditions in which these mosaics are to be seen. I venture to register one small grumble—for those who have not been so fortunate as myself; one photograph of the exterior, and another of the interior,

Fascinating and imposing though these panels are, and indeed they haunt the memory to an extraordinary degree, many of the other mosaics are perhaps more agreeable to Western eyes because they seem to foreshadow the pictorial naïvetés of European painting of nearly a thousand years later. Looking at them and realising that they spring from a tradition of picture-making long familiar to Græco-Roman civilisation—a pictorial tradition having little in common with the majestic formalism of the Eastern empire with its centre in the city of Constantine—you begin to ask yourself whether Italian painting of the thirteenth and fourteenth centuries was not rediscovering these ancient ways just as much as it undoubtedly initiated new experiments. The most engaging of these, I think, is the large lunette showing Abraham's Feast. On the right he is about to sacrifice Isaac, the latter a nice child who seems to have wandered along from some pagan fresco at Pompeii, and is a trifle surprised to find



THE EMPEROR JUSTINIAN: DETAIL FROM ONE OF THE TWO MOST FAMOUS MOSAICS IN SAN VITALE.

The two most famous mosaics of the church of San Vitale, Ravenna, are those representing the Emperor Justinian and Theodora and their attendants. "Executed between A.D. 546 and 548—since Maximian, who is shown in the first, was made archbishop in 546, and Theodora, who is represented as still alive, died in 548—they recall the fact that though neither Justinian nor Theodora were ever in Ravenna, San Vitale was not unprovided for by donations from the imperial couple."

Illustrations by courtesy of the publishers of "San Vitale of Ravenna; the Mosaics," the book reviewed on this page.

where, after the fall of the Western Empire, the Byzantine Emperor's nominee ruled Italy; where Dante lies buried and where time seems to stand still. The church is the church of San Vitale, consecrated in A.D. 547, an octagon surrounded by a circular loggia, austere without, within a blaze of colour; on the walls, amid the interplay of arch and vault, is represented the majesty of heaven. Beneath, in two great rectangular panels, the pomp and circumstance of the Court of the Emperor Justinian and the Empress Theodora, God's vice-regents on earth.

I should imagine that colour photography in a church interior is a matter of exceptional difficulty. It must be doubly exasperating when you have to deal with ancient mosaics, which by their very nature are responsive to every nuance of light, not—as a fresco—colours laid on to a flat surface with a brush—but thousands of little pieces of glass or marble or stone or enamel, which are set deliberately at different angles from one another and seem almost to vibrate as you move about beneath. The only smooth—or

would have greatly aided their appreciation of the whole nobly impressive setting.

The difference in style between most of the mosaics and the Justinian and Theodora panels is most marked; the majority of the former are more naturalistic—the Western tradition—the latter characteristically Byzantine, the figures stiff and hieratic, without weight or depth, the features solemn and enigmatic. Beneath their splendid robes they seem to move as if in a dream. Of the two, that of the Empress and her attendants would appear to be by a more able hand, but in each case wonderful juxtapositions of colours, greens and purples, reds and whites and blues, are used with lavish yet controlled abundance. There seems little doubt but that the figures are contemporary portraits (Theodora died in 548), and it is tempting if not very profitable to try to give names to at least two of the court attendants. It is thought, for example, that the woman next to the Empress may be Antonina, wife of the General Belisarius, whose eyes were eventually put out—a monstrous and dreadful story of greatness brought to misery, which has haunted the imagination of succeeding generations—and that Belisarius himself is represented by the handsome man on the Emperor's right hand. There is no doubt about the haggard and fanatic Archbishop Maximian; his name is inscribed above his head. It would, however,

be foolish to attempt to read into these cold and formal portraits too much of the personality of their subjects; these people stand before us—or, rather, float before us—as personages engaged in a stately ritual, hardly as men and women of flesh and blood.

There were all kinds of scabrous stories about Theodora propagated by Procopius (whom Edward Gibbon quotes in the decent obscurity of a dead language—we English are incorrigibly prudish). What proportion of them were true we don't know; what we do see in this portrait is a basilisk eye, the habit of command and a coldly intelligent gaze. Better leave it at that.



THE EMPRESS THEODORA: DETAIL FROM ONE OF THE TWO MOST FAMOUS MOSAICS IN SAN VITALE, RAVENNA.

Theodora, wife of Justinian, was the "daughter of a keeper in the Byzantine circus, an actress and a lewd dancer from her girlhood, a woman of easy virtue, according to Procopius, she ensnared the young Justinian and, having married him, went on living as she had hitherto. Yet we may easily believe that, once Empress, she bore her new state with dignity and firmness since—according to Procopius himself—she intervened at times of trial to give Justinian moral support."

himself playing a rôle in an Old Testament charade; in the centre, Abraham is offering a miniature ox to the three angels seated at a table, all three young, well-groomed and well-bred, while, on the left, Sara stands at the entrance of her house, neat and graceful, one hand on her chin, thoughtfully considering the news that she is to bear a son. Stated thus, the scene would appear to be merely trite, but it is beautifully organised—and, what is more, organised in depth with summary but convincing indications of landscape. Amid these majestic and monumental pictures in coloured stones and glass it is very easy to concentrate upon the figures and omit to notice some of the decorative detail: the clusters of grapes and vineleaves, the doves, the peacocks, the arabesques of foliage arranged in patterns of great complexity as frames for the major scenes. The plates are extremely well chosen to display both the main subjects and a selection from these glowing details.

The preface by Marcel Brion and a brief text by Pietro Toesca, admirable though they are, appear to me to be too near hymns of praise to be wholly convincing; they presuppose on our part rather more exact knowledge of the art and politics of the fifth century A.D. than we are likely to possess.

AN IDEAL EXPRESSION OF FRIENDSHIP.

To have a copy of "THE ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS" sent each week to friends, whether they live at home or abroad, will be an act of kindness much appreciated by them. Orders for subscriptions should be handed to any bookstall manager or newsagent, or addressed to the Subscription Department, Ingram House, 195-198, Strand, London, W.C.2, and should include the name and address of the person to whom the copies are to be sent and the price of the subscription.

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* On this page Frank Davis reviews "San Vitale of Ravenna; the Mosaics." By Pietro Toesca; with a preface by Marcel Brion. Forty Plates in colour. Limited edition. (Collins; 10s.)

CONTEMPORARY SILVER AND PAINTINGS.



"CHÂLET NEAR ST. MORITZ"; BY CURT HERRMANN (1854-1929), AN EXAMPLE OF THE WORK OF THE GERMAN ARTIST, ON VIEW AT THE ASHMOLEAN. (Oil; 21 by 17 ins.)



"YOUNG GIRL DRAWING"; BY PABLO PICASSO, ON VIEW IN THE RETROSPECTIVE EXHIBITION OF HIS WORK AT THE MARSAN PAVILION, THE LOUVRE MUSEUM, PARIS.



PRESENTED TO THE WORSHIPFUL COMPANY OF GIRDLETS IN MEMORY OF A LIVERYMAN OF THE COMPANY: A CONTEMPORARY SILVER FLOWER BOWL WITH A PIERCED COVER.

The first large-scale exhibition in England of the work of Curt Herrmann, the German artist and leading exponent in Germany of Neo-Impressionism, has been arranged at the Ashmolean Museum, Oxford, during July.—A retrospective exhibition of the work of Pablo Picasso, one of the most controversial figures in the world of art, is being held at the Marsan Pavilion, the Louvre Museum, Paris, and will continue until October 15. It marks the seventy-fifth anniversary of Picasso's birth, and the fiftieth of his arrival in Paris; and is designed to illustrate the development of his art.—Many of the ancient Livery companies, prompted perhaps by the example of the Worshipful Company of Goldsmiths, are adding modern pieces of fine silverware to their centuries-old collections. The outstanding oval silver flower bowl, which has been presented to the Girdlers' Company, was designed by R. H. Hill and made by C. J. Vander for Tessiers.

FAMOUS RACEHORSES BY HASELTINE.

An exhibition of work by Mr. Herbert Haseltine, the distinguished animal sculptor, opened recently at the Jansen Galleries in the Rue Royale, Paris, and is to continue until July 22. The catalogue to the exhibition contains a foreword by Sir Winston Churchill, who calls attention to the "perfection of physical detail which makes Mr. Haseltine's bronze animals such a joy to behold and such a treasure to own." On this page we reproduce three new works on view in the exhibition, representing famous racehorses in England and America. *Counterpoint* (Count Fleet-Jabot), foaled in 1948, was leading money winner in America in 1951. *First Flight* (Mahmoud-Fly Swatter), foaled in 1944, was named the best two-year-old in America of 1946.



"COUNTERPOINT, FIRST FLIGHT AND THEIR FIRST FOAL"; A BRONZE GROUP BY HERBERT HASELTINE ON VIEW IN HIS CURRENT EXHIBITION IN PARIS.

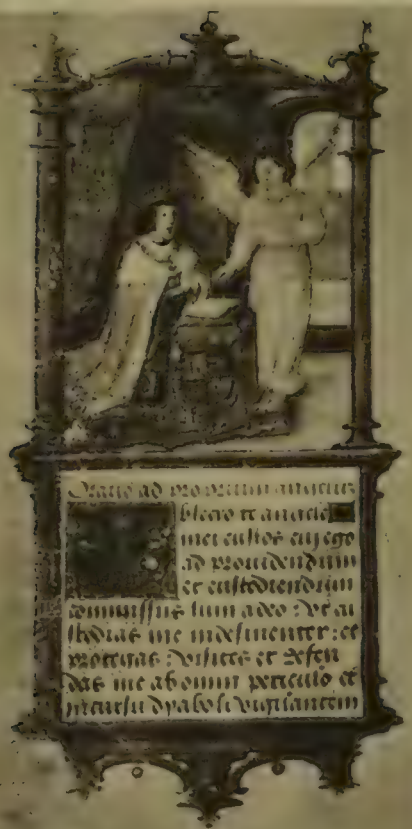


"TOM FOOL" (MENOW-GAGA); FOALED IN 1949. A GREAT RACEHORSE BRED BY MR. DUVAL A. HEADLEY AND THE PROPERTY OF THE GREENTREE STABLE. BRONZE.



"MUMTAZ MAHAL" (THE TETRARCH-LADY JOSEPHINE); THE AGA KHAN'S FAMOUS MARE FOALED IN 1921, WINNER OF MANY GREAT RACES INCLUDING THE QUEEN MARY STAKES, MOLECOMB STAKES, AND CHAMPAGNE STAKES, 1923. BRONZE.

"CHARLES-QUINT AND HIS TIMES": A NOTABLE EXHIBITION IN GHENT.



"CHARLES V. AS KING OF SPAIN," c. 1516-1519, BY "THE MASTER OF THE PRAYER-BOOK OF CHARLES-QUINT," PROBABLY EXECUTED TO THE ORDER OF MARGUERITE OF AUSTRIA. (5½ by 3½ ins.) (Austrian National Library, Vienna.)



MEDAL OF CHARLES V. AFTER DÜRER, 1521. THE OBERSE WITH THE EMPEROR'S HEAD; SILVER. THE REVERSE WITH THE IMPERIAL DOUBLE-HEADED EAGLE. (2½ ins. diameter.) (Nuremberg Numismatic Collection.)



"CHARLES V.'S TENT," PRESENTED TO THE EMPEROR BY THE LADIES OF GRANADA, WHO HAD EMBROIDERED IT IN THE ARAB STYLE FOR HIS USE IN HIS TUNIS CAMPAIGN. (Madrid Museum of the Ejercito.)



THE ARMOUR OF CHARLES V., KNOWN AS THE MÜHLBERG SUIT, MADE IN 1544, AND THE LAST HE WORE ON HIS CAMPAIGNS. (Madrid: Royal Armoury.)



"A WOMAN OF BRUSSELS"; BY ALBRECHT DÜRER (1475-1528). SIGNED WITH MONOGRAM. (Pen and bistre; 6½ by 3½ ins.) (Albertina Museum, Vienna.)



"DOUBLE PORTRAIT OF CHARLES V. AND THE EMPRESS ISABELLA." COPY BY RUBENS OF THE PAINTING BY TITIAN (1487-1578), WHICH WAS DESTROYED BY FIRE. (Madrid: Berwick and Alba Collection.)



"PORTRAIT OF LUCAS VAN LEYDEN"; BY ALBRECHT DÜRER (1475-1528). (Silver point; 9½ by 6½ ins.) (Palais des Beaux-Arts, Lille.)



"THE PAINTER AND THE AMATEUR"; BY PIETER BRUEGHEL, THE ELDER (c. 1525-1569). (Pen and bistre; 11½ by 8½ ins.) (Mr. Vincent Korda.)



"CHARLES V.'S CAMPAIGNING LITTER," BELIEVED TO HAVE BEEN USED BY HIM IN 1552. (Royal Armoury, Madrid.)

ON October 25, 1555, the Emperor Charles-Quint, or Charles V., ruler of vast territories in Austria, the Netherlands, Spain and the Tyrol, weary of the glories of this world, abdicated and retired to the monastery of Yuste. This event is commemorated by the exhibition, "Charles-Quint and His Times," at his native town of Ghent, in which the world of his day is mirrored in works of art and objects connected with him. Organised by the Commune of Ghent and the Belgian Minister of Education, it will continue until July 31.



"THE HARPSICHORD PLAYER"; BY J. C. VERMEYEN (c. 1500-1559), DRAWING FOR AN ENGRAVING. (Pen and bistre; 10½ by 7½ ins.) (Wiesbaden. Hessische Treuhandverwaltung.)

IMPERIAL 16TH-CENTURY EUROPE: THE PERIOD MIRRORED IN WORKS OF ART.

THE Exhibition in the Ghent Museum of Fine Arts, which we illustrate on this and the facing page, is designed to mirror facets of life in Europe in the time of the Emperor Charles V. (Charles-Quint, 1500-1558), the most powerful figure on the Continent during that period. The exhibits, which have been generously lent from public and private collections in many countries, include portraits in various mediums of the Emperor's ancestors, contemporaries and descendants, and drawings, paintings and sculpture by leading artists of his day. Tapestries, armour, relics, prints, sculpture, enamels, faïences, MSS., and

(RIGHT.) "THE LEGEND OF NOTRE-DAME DU SABLON." BRUSSELS TAPESTRY, WITH PHILIP LE BEAU, AS JEAN III. (LEFT), RECEIVING THE STATUE; THE ARCHDUKES CHARLES AND FERDINAND (CENTRE) CARRYING IT; AND (RIGHT) MARGARET OF AUSTRIA, FERDINAND AND HER NIECES KNEELING BEFORE IT. WOVEN c. 1519. (11 ft. 7½ ins. by 17 ft. 10½ ins.) (Brussels, Royal Museum of Art and History.)



COLOURED STONE-CARVING OF MAXIMILIAN I. (1459-1519) WITH HIS TWO WIVES, MARY OF BURGUNDY AND BIANCA MARIA SFORZA. STUDIO OF HANS TÜRING. (2 ft. 8½ ins. by 2 ft. 4 ins.) (Innsbruck, Landesmuseum Ferdinandeum.)



"THE PRODIGAL SON"; BY JEAN SANDERS VAN HEMESSEN (c. 1500-c. 1563). SIGNED AND DATED LOWER LEFT IOES DE HEMESSEN PINGEBAT 1536. (Panel; 4 ft. 7½ ins. by 6 ft. 6 ins.) (Brussels, Royal Museum of Fine Arts.)



"SAINT DONATUS"; BY JAN GOSSAERT, CALLED MABUSE (1478-1533/6). EXECUTED FOR THE CHURCH OF BRUGES. (Panel; 1 ft. 4½ ins. by 1 ft. 1½ ins.) (Tournai, Museum of Fine Arts.)



"A MONEY CHANGER AND HIS WIFE"; BY MARINUS VON REYERSWAELE (1497-c. 1570). SIGNED AT THE TOP RIGHT REYERSWAELE MARINUS ME FECIT A° 38. (Panel; 2 ft. 2½ ins. by 3 ft. 4½ ins.) (Munich, Bavarian State Collection.)

Continued.] furniture and other objects are also included in the display, which thus provides a wonderful pageant of the life of the sixteenth century in Charles V.'s vast dominions. He is, of course, connected with the history of this country, as he was the deeply-respected cousin of Mary Tudor, daughter of Katharine of Aragon and Henry VIII.; and his son Philip II. married that unhappy Queen, Mary I. Charles V. was born in Ghent, and a section of the exhibition is devoted to his connection with his native town, which, it must be admitted, was not always very happy, as the revolt against his financial demands on it in 1539 was put down with exceptional severity. Later, however, there was an improvement in his relations with the town which was granted economic advantages.



THE WORLD OF SCIENCE.



IT is many months now since Miss Alice Finny, of Dublin, wrote asking me for information on sweat glands in animals: which animals possess them and which do not, and, when present, on which parts of the body do they occur. It seemed a simple enough question to which I confidently expected an easy answer. The first step was to consult any standard work I could reach. Most of them made no mention of these essential structures. Those that did merely gave a description of the typical sweat gland, and one had the feeling that the words and the accompanying diagram in one book after another bore a striking similarity. None said a word about the animals that bore them or where they were located on the body. The next step was to consult the bulkier tomes of the advanced physiology and anatomy text-books. Little more was gleaned. Surely, it seemed, somebody must have the requisite information, but enquiry of professional colleagues brought me very little nearer to my goal.

The matter now began to take on a more formidable aspect. I was faced with an extensive search of the scientific literature if I was to keep my promise to Miss Finny. This was something that could not be done in a hurry. Meanwhile, gentle and courteous reminders came at intervals from my correspondent, who finally broke into verse. Two stanzas given here are sufficient to show what she has in mind:

A letter came from an Irish dame
Concerning what animals sweat;
From the fierce koodoo and the kangaroo
To the common-or-garden pet.
For it seems to be, between you and me,
A matter of some obscurity!

We know, of course, that the active horse
Is an expert at the game;
But the lowly swine and the porcupine—
Are either of them the same?
One wonders, too, how many on view,
Go in for sweating, in any Zoo?

The *Zoological Record*, published each year by the Zoological Society of London, contains a review of the literature devoted to animals in each year from 1865 to the present time, the information being classified for easy reference. Even so, it took several hours to work back to 1911, by which time I gave up this line of research, for a very good reason. I found two references to sweat glands in the *Record* for 1953, one each for the years 1952, 1951, 1950 and 1947, none for the years 1949 and 1948, and a complete blank from 1946 back to 1911. One reference was to the "Journal of Agricultural Science" for 1950, in which J. D. Findlay and S. H. Yang had written on sweat glands in Ayrshire cattle, and of whose work more will be said later. Meanwhile, one sentence of theirs is worth quoting here: "Few studies have been made of the part played by the skin of cattle in the dissipation of heat, particularly in regard to sweating." Judging from my experience, for "cattle" in this sentence we could read "any animal."

The study of sweat glands and of sweating may seem too trivial to engage the valuable time of research workers; but Miss Finny's question is by no means so unimportant as that, and in one field of human affairs the subject has acquired a major importance in recent years, as we shall see. Meanwhile, however, let me summarise the fruits of my researches in the fields of animal physiology other than that of domestic cattle, the kudu, the kangaroo, the lowly swine and the porcupine.

First, let us see what is said about the glands. The best simple statement is from "Life Science," by M. W. de Laubenfels: "The sweat glands of human beings (and the few other animals that have them) act as part of the excretory system, helping the kidneys. There are several per square centimetre of

THERMOSTATIC CONTROL.

By MAURICE BURTON, D.Sc.

our skin, each greatly resembling a kidney tubule. Perspiration or sweat greatly resembles urine, but contains somewhat less urea and more salt. . . . Our pores are the openings from sweat glands." De Laubenfels includes a diagram, the conventional one. There is another function of the sweat glands, which he does not mention: to assist in the loss of body-heat. There are several sources of this: the heat generated from within, from the intake of food and bodily exercise, and the heat from without, primarily from the sun's rays. The sweat glands are part of our

does leave an excellent series of footprints. On the other hand, it has recently been shown that the domestic dog has numerous sweat glands distributed over the body. These have been described as having somewhat the same distribution and number as on the torso and thighs of a healthy young man or woman. Their activity can be detected by applying an iodine preparation to the skin, the exudation from these glands being then visible as dark spots. These glands do not function during the course of bodily exercise, but when radiant heat is applied. Presumably under natural circumstances they come into play in hot sunshine. The only other information I can

offer Miss Finny is as follows. According to L. Harrison Matthews, in "British Mammals," speaking of the nose-leaves of bats: "The great number of sweat and oil glands present are thought to maintain the surface of the nose-leaf in a highly sensitive condition." The same authority mentions that hedgehogs have no sweat glands on the back.

I have found nothing about the kangaroo or the kudu, but the latter may have something in common with the horse and the cow. And with the mention of the last-named, we are reminded of the importance now assumed by the study of the sweat glands of cattle. In the effort to breed the ideal cattle for milk and meat production in the tropics, the hybridisa-

tion of the northern (or aurochs) cattle and the zebu is being attempted. One of the problems of cattle in the tropics is concerned with their ability to stand up to high temperatures without a marked reduction in the supply of milk. To quote Findlay and Yang: "In recent years interest has been aroused in problems associated with the acclimatization of dairy and beef cattle to tropical climates and in problems of the environmental physiology of dairy cattle and farm animals in general. . . . The small amount of work which has been done in this field has shown that between cattle normally inhabiting tropical lands and cattle of the temperate zone there are marked differences in their reactions to similar thermal environments. Also there are differences in the reactions of various breeds of cattle of the temperate zone to the same thermal environment. . . . Most workers have assumed that either cattle do not possess true sweat glands or that such glands are poorly developed and function inefficiently."

The methods of investigating by Findlay and Yang suggest, possibly, why so little is known on this subject. They selected nine hides, obtained immediately after slaughter, from cattle of different ages. After preparing the hides, pieces were cut from twenty-one regions of the body and each piece subjected to a lengthy laboratory process to be sectioned and examined—a laborious business. The results were that sweat glands were found to be distributed more or less evenly over the body, more thickly in some areas than others. The average was 1871 glands per sq. cm., ranging from about 1000 in the lower limbs to about 2500 in the region of the neck and under the forelegs (the axillary region). "The glands have a poor blood supply. . . . It is unlikely, therefore, that the sweat glands of Ayrshire cows function as effectively in heat regulation as human sweat glands."

It is highly likely that much more is known on this subject, apart from the current researches on cattle, and that it is recorded in journals not accessible to me. Perhaps enough has been said here, however, to outline the problem and the difficulties of investigating it, and to give a brief idea of a few of the results. It is possible that some who read this may know more about what obtains in the kangaroo, the kudu, the lowly swine and the porcupine, and can give Miss Finny the benefit of their knowledge.



LIKE A DOG, A FOX LOSES BODY-HEAT THROUGH ITS TONGUE AND BREATHING: A FOX CUB ON A HOT DAY.



thermostatic control, but not all of it. Animals living in the Arctic have small ears and extremities, those in the tropics have relatively large ears and extremities, the one to present the minimum surface for the radiation of heat, the other to present the maximum surface. The small ears of the polar bear and the large ears of the elephant, if not strictly comparable, will serve to emphasize.

There are other ways of losing bodily heat. The most familiar is seen in the domestic dog lying panting after a hard run, with the mouth open, tongue out, and a fine cloud of vapour particles condensing on the



LOSING BODY-HEAT: JASON, DR. BURTON'S DOG, LYING PANTING AFTER A HARD RUN, WITH HIS MOUTH OPEN AND TONGUE OUT.

Sweating provides a means of keeping the temperature normal, by allowing the loss of body-heat. Sweat glands are, however, not the only means of control. A familiar example is seen in the panting of a dog. Like a dog, a fox also loses body-heat through its tongue and breathing, and when moving on a hot day has its mouth more or less continuously open. While using this form of heat-regulation, a fox, like others of the dog family, will also open its mouth, from time to time, as if in a wide yawn, at the same moment exhaling strongly.

Photographs by Humphrey Cull except for top-left, which is by Jane Burton.

cold ground. The extreme of this is seen in the kangaroo rat of the deserts of southern North America, which can live without drinking while feeding on dried seeds. Even the moisture from its breathing is trapped in the front part of the nasal cavity, and so conserved to the body.

As to the animals having sweat glands, it seems that rats have them in the pads only, and presumably this means the black and brown rats. It is a widespread belief that dogs sweat only through their pads, and a dog walking over a stone floor after a spell of exercise

PERSONALITIES AND EVENTS OF THE WEEK: PEOPLE IN THE PUBLIC EYE.



REPORTING ON MONOPOLIES : SIR DAVID SCOTT CAIRNS.

The report of the Monopolies Commission on restrictive trade practices, published on June 29, was the result of a two-years investigation by a group of nine. Their chairman, Sir David Cairns, Q.C., succeeded Sir Archibald Carter in 1954. He is fifty-three and was a member of the Liberal Party Committee, 1951-53.



THE BISHOP OF WORCESTER TO RESIGN : DR. W. W. CASH.

Because of protracted ill-health, Dr. Cash announced his resignation as Bishop of Worcester at the Worcester diocesan conference on June 29. Dr. Cash is seventy-five, and became Bishop in 1941. He was previously with the Church Missionary Society for over twenty years. His resignation takes effect on September 30.



RESIGNING AS CHAIRMAN OF THE CONSERVATIVE PARTY: LORD WOOLTON.

In a letter to the Prime Minister made public on June 29, Lord Woolton tendered his resignation as Chairman of the Conservative Party Organisation, a post to which he was appointed by Sir Winston Churchill in 1946. Lord Woolton, who is seventy-two in August, hopes that a younger man will succeed him.



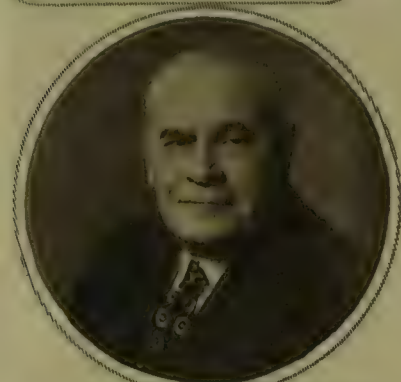
DIED ON JUNE 28, AGED SIXTY-FOUR : MR. GEORGE BUCHANAN.

Mr. George Buchanan, Labour Member for the Gorbals Division of Glasgow from 1922-48, was member of the National Assistance Board from 1953 (chairman, 1948-53). He was Joint Parliamentary Under-Secretary of State, 1945-47, and Minister of Pensions, 1947-48. He felt passionately on unemployment.



DIED AGED SEVENTY-TWO : MAJOR-GEN. SIR JAMES DREW.

Major-General Sir James Drew, who died on June 27, served with distinction in both world wars. In 1938, promoted major-general, he commanded the 52nd (Lowland) Division, T.A. In 1941 he became O.C. Training Combined Operations; and from 1944-45 was Director-General Home Guard and T.A.



AN EXPERT ON TROPICAL AGRICULTURE DIES : SIR HAROLD TEMPNY.

An authority on tropical agriculture whose distinguished career in the colonies ranged from an appointment in the Leeward Islands in 1903 to the Federated Malay States, where he was Director of Agriculture from 1929-36, Sir Harold Tempny died in London on July 2, aged seventy-three. He also served at the Colonial Office.



SIGNING THE MILITARY AID AGREEMENT IN BONN : DR. J. B. CONANT, U.S. AMBASSADOR (LEFT), AND THE WEST GERMAN FOREIGN MINISTER, HERR VON BRENTANO.

The Military Aid Agreement between the United States and the Federal Republic was signed at Bonn on June 30. It covers the supplies of arms and equipment needed by the new armed forces of the Federal Republic, and resembles the Military Aid Agreements concluded with other N.A.T.O. countries.



A FORMER GOVERNOR OF NYASALAND DIES : SIR EDMUND RICHARDS.

Governor and Commander-in-Chief, Nyasaland from 1942 to 1948, after a long career in British East and Central Africa, Sir Edmund Richards died at his home at East Griqualand, South Africa, aged sixty-five. He was Resident Commissioner in Basutoland from 1935 to 1942, and also served in the administrative service in Tanganyika.



LEAVING THE QUIRINAL PALACE IN ROME CARRYING HIS MANDATE TO FORM A NEW ITALIAN GOVERNMENT : SIGNOR SEGNI.

On July 2, Signor Segni, the Christian Democrat, was officially invited by the President of the Republic to form a new Italian Government to replace that of Signor Scelba which resigned on June 22. Signor Segni, a former Minister of Agriculture, is sixty-four.



HONOURED BY THE FRENCH PRESIDENT : MEMBERS OF THE FRENCH HIMALAYAN EXPEDITION WHICH CLIMBED THE WORLD'S FIFTH HIGHEST MOUNTAIN.

The members of the French expedition which climbed Makalu (27,789 ft.), the fifth highest peak in the world, were the guests of honour at a garden party given by President and Mme. Coty at the Elysée Palace, in Paris, on July 1. Seen in the above photograph, left to right, are : MM. C. Magnone, L. Terray, M. Herzog, J. Franco (leader of the expedition), President Coty, and M. Lucien Devies, President of the Mountaineering Federation.



SHOT DOWN BY SOVIET FIGHTERS OVER THE BERING STRAITS : LT. R. H. FISCHER, THE PILOT (RIGHT), AND HIS CO-PILOT, LT. D. M. LOCKHART.

Seven airmen were injured when a U.S. patrol aircraft crash-landed after being fired on by Soviet fighters over the Bering Straits on June 22. Conceding the possibility of error, the Soviet Government subsequently offered to pay for half the damage done to the aircraft.



APPOINTED MEDITERRANEAN CHIEF OF STAFF : REAR-ADMIRAL B. I. ROBERTSHAW.

The Admiralty announced the appointment on June 27 of Rear-Admiral Robertshaw as Chief of Staff to the Commander-in-Chief, Allied Forces, Mediterranean. The appointment will take effect in July. Rear-Admiral Robertshaw, who is fifty-two, has served extensively in the Far East.



PRESENTING HIS CREDENTIALS TO KING MAHENDRA BIR BIKRAM IN THE ROYAL PALACE AT KATMANDU : THE NEW AMBASSADOR TO NEPAL, MR. R. B. B. TOLLINTON.

At a ceremony in the Royal Palace at Katmandu on June 24, the new British Ambassador to Nepal, Mr. R. B. B. Tollinton, presented his credentials to King Mahendra, and was given in return betel leaves and essences of flowers as tokens of friendship. He drove to the ceremony in a state coach.



DIED AGED SEVENTY-NINE : PROFESSOR STANLEY JEVS.

Professor Jevons, who died on June 27, had been adviser to the Ethiopian Embassy since 1942, and was the founder of the Abyssinian Association. A scientist and economist, he held the Chair of Economics at the University of Allahabad from 1914-23 and at Rangoon from 1923-30.

WINNERS AND FINALISTS: FINALS DAY IN A BRILLIANT HENLEY REGATTA.



THE RUSSIAN KRYLIA SOVETOV FOUR (THE HOLDERS) BEATING THE LEANDER CLUB FOUR IN THE FINAL OF THE STEWARDS' CUP AT HENLEY BY THREE LENGTHS IN THE TIME OF 7 MINS. 40 SECS. THE RUSSIAN FOUR AVERAGED 13 ST. 6 LB.



ONE OF THE FINEST RACES OF THE LAST DAY OF THE HENLEY REGATTA: SHREWSBURY BEATING OUNDLE SCHOOL IN THE FINAL OF THE PRINCESS ELIZABETH CHALLENGE CUP BY 8 FT. IN 7 MINS. 34 SECS. THIS WAS ONLY OUNDLE'S SECOND APPEARANCE AT HENLEY.



THE FINAL OF THE GRAND CHALLENGE CUP, IN WHICH THE UNIVERSITY OF PENNSYLVANIA BEAT VANCOUVER R.C. (WHO HAD BEATEN THE RUSSIAN CREW IN THE SEMI-FINAL).



THE WINNER OF THE DIAMOND SCULLS, T. KOCERKA OF POLAND (LEFT), BEING CONGRATULATED BY HIS BROTHER. IN THE FINAL HE BEAT S. C. RAND.



MASSACHUSETTS INSTITUTE OF TECHNOLOGY (THE HOLDERS) (LEFT) BEATING THE R.A.F. R.C. IN THE FINAL OF THE THAMES CUP, WHICH THEY WON BY $\frac{2}{3}$ LENGTH.



THE FINAL OF THE LADIES' PLATE, IN WHICH QUEENS' COLLEGE, CAMBRIDGE, WON CONVINCINGLY BY $1\frac{1}{2}$ LENGTHS FROM LADY MARGARET, CAMBRIDGE, IN 7 MINS. 26 SECS.

As in last year's Henley, so in this: six trophies went overseas, and the same six—the Grand, the Thames, the Goblets, the Stewards', the Diamond and the Double Sculls. The Thames, the Goblets and the Stewards' were retained by their holders: respectively, Massachusetts Institute of Technology, Buldakov and Ivanov of Russia, and the Russian Krylia Sovetov crew. The Grand this year goes to America, having been won in a stirring final by the University of Pennsylvania from Vancouver R.C. In the Diamond Sculls the Polish T. Kocerka beat S. C. Rand of the R.A.F. in a gruelling race; and in the Double Sculls the Russian pair, G. Zhilin and



THE RUSSIAN HOLDERS AND WINNERS OF THE SILVER GOBLETS (NEARER CAMERA) PRESENTING A PENNANT TO THE LEANDER CLUB PAIR WHOM THEY DEFEATED BY 4 LENGTHS.

I. Emchuk, beat H. Vollmer and T. Keller of Switzerland, thus reversing the result of last year's final. Of the events whose trophies remain in England: the Ladies' Plate was won by Queens' College, Cambridge, this being the first occasion that this college had appeared in a Henley final and being, moreover, the only Cambridge college without at least one Blue in the boat; the Princess Elizabeth Cup was won by Shrewsbury, this being their first Henley win since 1932; in the Visitors' Cup Trinity Hall beat Lady Margaret, Cambridge; and in the Wyfold Thames R.C. "B" beat Kettering R.C. one and a quarter lengths.

EVENTS AND CEREMONIES IN THE NEWS: A TRANSATLANTIC CAMERA RECORD.



CELEBRATING PAN-AMERICAN AIRWAYS' 50,000TH ATLANTIC CROSSING: MR. W. J. ECK (CENTRE) BOUGHT THE FIRST TICKET SIXTEEN YEARS AGO. At a ceremony at Orly Airport to mark the 50,000th transatlantic flight by Pan-American Airways, the first person to taste the anniversary cake was Mr. Eck—who made the inaugural crossing 16 years ago in four days. The 50,000th crossing took eleven hours.



AFTER THEIR RECORD-BREAKING FLIGHT FROM OTTAWA TO LONDON: THE CREW (CENTRE, IN FLYING KIT) OF THE CANBERRA JET BOMBER "ARIES IV." WITH SENIOR R.A.F. OFFICERS. The R.A.F. Flying College Canberra jet bomber "Aries IV." landed at West Malling, Kent, early on the morning of June 28 after making the first officially recorded transatlantic capital-to-capital flight by a jet aircraft. It covered the 3300 miles from Ottawa in 6 hrs. 42 mins. 12 secs., a new record.



(ABOVE.) BREAKING THE CEREMONIAL BOTTLE OVER THE NOSE OF THE FIRST VICKERS VISCOUNT DELIVERED TO THE U.S.A.: MRS. NIXON, WIFE OF THE AMERICAN VICE-PRESIDENT, WATCHED BY MR. CARMICHAEL, OF CAPITAL AIRLINES.

Sir Roger Makins, the British Ambassador, was present at the ceremony at the Washington National Airport on June 23 in which the first Vickers Viscount to be delivered to Capital Airlines was named by Mrs. Nixon, wife of the American Vice-President. Sir Roger called it "a memorable day," adding that the Viscount "will be the first all-British manufactured plane to fly commercial schedules on all-American routes." The U.S. Vice-President, Mr. Nixon, also attended, and the traditional naming ceremony was watched appreciatively by Mr. J. H. Carmichael, President of Capital Airlines.



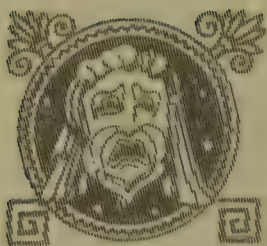
HANDING OVER MODELS OF THE EARLIEST GUIDED MISSILES TO THE IMPERIAL WAR MUSEUM: (L. TO R.) MR. L. R. BRADLEY, DIRECTOR OF THE MUSEUM, MR. A. M. LOW, INVENTOR OF THE MISSILES, AND LORD BRABAZON.

The first guided missile was invented in Great Britain as long ago as 1917-18. At a ceremony on June 29 a model was handed over to the Imperial War Museum by Lord Brabazon of Tara in the presence of its inventor, Mr. A. M. Low. It took the form of a "flying bomb"; a radio-controlled rocket, a model of which is seen on the table, was also invented by Mr. Low during the same period.

(RIGHT.) HAULING THE "VICTIM" OF AN IMAGINARY AIR-CRASH ON TO A RUBBER RAFT: AIR STEWARDESSES, EMPLOYED BY THE U.S. AIRLINE, DELTA-C. AND S. AIRLINES, ENJOY SEA-SURVIVAL TRAINING AT A POOL NEAR ATLANTA AIRPORT, GEORGIA.

During the heat of a Georgian summer, it is no hardship to stewardesses of an American airline to undergo sea-survival training, particularly when the course is held at a swimming-pool and an out-size rubber raft figures conspicuously in the curriculum. All stewardesses employed by this airline who serve on overseas flights are required to complete the course. In the photograph above, "survivors" clamber or are dragged to safety, while two others, already rescued, lie exhausted, or sunbathing, on the raft.





THE WORLD OF THE CINEMA.

GONE ASTRAY.

By ALAN DENT.



BOTH of the latest film-showings belong in period to the romantic 'forties and the exciting 'fifties of last century. The one, "Camille," is a revival (1937) and is also a reminder and a revelation. The other, "Prince of Players," is brand-new and—in plainest English and notwithstanding its alluring subject—a disappointment. Yet both, in spite of their striking disparity in quality, are of the most intense interest, especially to cinema-goers who continue to love the theatre.

Some day, when I have the leisure and the right library to deploy it in, I propose to unravel the complicated theatre-history of the younger Dumas's "La Dame aux Camélias." We all know that it was first a novel, that the author himself dramatised this around 1852, and that the play—whether as "The Lady of the Camellias" in England, or as "Camille" in America—has throughout the intervening century been a favourite medium for great as well as merely ambitious actresses. We know further that Verdi's operatic version, "La Traviata"—which means quite literally "The Lady Gone Astray"—came out in Venice in 1853 and has ever since been quite as, if not even more, successful in the operatic world.

We may glean, too, if we look up the younger Dumas in the handiest reference books that while he was in his own day a popular and powerful social dramatist, "he is now only remembered by his least typical work, mainly because the consumptive and pathetic figure of Marguerite Gautier offers a fine part for an ambitious and passionate actress." As a first knot in the tangle (with which we shall proceed no further at the moment) let me only reveal that Marguerite is what the camellia-obsessed courtesan called herself when acted by Bernhardt or Duse, that she became Camille when presented by an American actress of the calibre of Ethel Barrymore, and that when sung by Melba of old or by Mme. Schwarzkopf to-day, she instantaneously became and becomes Violetta. It is all a shade confusing dramatically, operatically, and even botanically.

For me the film called "Camille" is a revelation because I missed it when it came out, so that the presentation of the heroine by Garbo is positively dazzling in its impact. Like many other film-goers around my own age, I ceased to be enslaved to Garbo with the incoming of sound. Her voice, it must be confessed, continues unlovely and not too clear in its

My colleagues one and all, both the maturer and the immaturer, have been struck all of a heap by this performance, and I join the heap without shame and without ceremony. Did my old mentor, James Agate, write of this performance in this film when it first came out? Even as I turn to search in his books, I reflect that that critic was as obsessed with Bernhardt as Marguerite was with her favourite blossom, and that

OUR CRITIC'S CHOICE.



MISS GRETA GARBO AS MARGUERITE IN "CAMILLE" (M.G.M.), SEEN HERE WITH ROBERT TAYLOR IN A SCENE FROM THE FILM. In selecting Miss Greta Garbo as his choice for the outstanding film actress of the fortnight Mr. Dent writes:—"Timeless, ageless, inscrutably and fascinatingly enigmatic, more beautiful even than we had remembered her, Greta Garbo easily and brilliantly seizes the fortnight's—if not the year's—honours with her performance in 'Camille' and glides swiftly and smoothly away with them. For she has here the assurance as well as the finesse of a great actress—a thing apart and distinct from the mere conventional film-star."

as a result he probably would do less than justice to a film-star, however famous, undertaking a rôle in which he saw Bernhardt often and often. But I do him wrong. It is an entrancing and a characteristic article. True,

it is almost entirely about Bernhardt, and though it begins with the statement that the critic no longer trusts himself on that subject, this does not prevent him quoting copiously from Sarcey, Maurice Baring, and C. E. Montague on Sarah's ineffability in the part. When he at last arrives at his real subject at the tail-end of his article, the great James turns out to be perfectly just as well as perfectly quotable in his turn:—"With all this in mind, I still say that Miss Garbo's performance as Marguerite is extremely fine... particularly so in view of the fact that

very good indeed." And that from James on the subject of any actress presuming to follow Bernhardt in anything was very high praise indeed!

In "Prince of Players," that which has gone astray is not a lady but a very good book. This is the book of the same title by Eleanor Ruggles, a vivid account of the Booth family of American actors, headed by Junius Brutus Booth and his two sons—Edwin, who was obviously a great actor in the true sense of the word, and John Wilkes, who earned himself a horrifying sort of immortality by being the man who assassinated Abraham Lincoln. The film concludes with Edwin Booth's Hamlet, in New York in 1865, a few months after the assassination—a performance which is described exactly half-way through the book. The film may, therefore, be said to be an adaptation at once desultory and spasmodic of only the first half of a capital book.

But even so, it is not an accurate or a respectful adaptation. What happened when Edwin Booth emerged from his enforced retirement to play Hamlet in New York after his brother's ghastly crime in Washington? The film tells us that when the curtain rose to disclose Booth's Hamlet in the throne-room at Elsinore there was a storm of booing which prevented Hamlet so much as opening his mouth. He himself and his fellow-actors were pelted with rotten eggs, vegetables, and other missiles. The others fled, but Hamlet stayed the course without rising and moved his eyes only in the direction of the box where his ever-missed young wife used to sit and admire him. After a long time, and only when the audience had run out of ammunition, somebody shouted out that after all this Booth had obviously some spirit in him and was really not responsible for his brother's misdeeds. Whereupon the audience began to applaud, the other actors trooped sheepishly back, and the performance of "Hamlet" was apparently allowed to begin. But Miss Ruggles, who is authoritative, gives a totally different account. The newspapers had foretold trouble, and one had asked the question:—"Will Booth appear as the assassin of Cæsar? That would be, perhaps, the most suitable character." But at the first night the audience, an instant after it recognised Hamlet, rose to its feet, to a man and a woman, and cheered him frantically as a lost favourite returned to them:—"As the ovation by the audience said many things, so Booth's deliberately low obeisance meant much more than the thanks of the player who must please to live. It was



"AN ADAPTATION AT ONCE DESULTORY AND SPASMODIC OF ONLY THE FIRST HALF OF A CAPITAL BOOK": "PRINCE OF PLAYERS," BASED ON THE BOOK OF THE SAME NAME BY ELEANOR RUGGLES, SHOWING A SCENE FROM THE FILM IN WHICH EDWIN (RICHARD BURTON) REALISES THAT MARY (MAGGIE MCNAMARA) WILL NOT BE WELL ENOUGH TO ATTEND HIS OPENING NIGHT IN NEW YORK; DAVE PRESCOTT (CHARLES BICKFORD) SHOWS HER THE PLAYBILL. (LONDON PREMIERE, RIALTO, COVENTRY STREET, JUNE 23.)

articulation. But her beauty at the time when she made this film is seen to be quite startling and staggering, and her acting here surpasses all the previous memorable things she did. She has here the finesse and range of a great actress, and there is true pathos, both in her desperate gaiety in the earlier scenes, where she finds herself a little shocked at falling into anything so dangerous and sincere as love, and in the later ones where the alienated young Armand Duval returns to find her at the point of death. Her blissful smile when she dies in his arms will haunt me to the end of my cinema-going days.

the re-fashioners of the story have imposed upon her an almost grotesquely American pair of Duvals. I am amazed at the ingenuity with which scenario-mongers will take a good story and spoil it. The elder Duval's plea that Marguerite shall sacrifice herself is made on behalf of the daughter who is going to be married; the film makes the daughter married already." Some younger critics seem to have been carping and cavilling at the plot and even at Garbo's part in it. So the great James characteristically concluded:—"Perhaps it is permissible for a critic who has seen more performances of the play than some of his colleagues number years, to say that Miss Garbo's portrayal of a classic part is



"RICHARD BURTON GALLIVANTS STRENUOUSLY ABOUT AS EDWIN BOOTH, AND RAYMOND MASSEY GIVES A FINE CRAGGY PERFORMANCE OF THE TRAGEDIAN'S FATHER": "PRINCE OF PLAYERS" (20TH CENTURY FOX), SHOWING A SCENE FROM THE FILM IN WHICH JUNIUS BRUTUS BOOTH (RAYMOND MASSEY) HANDS ON HIS CROWN TO HIS SON EDWIN (RICHARD BURTON) AS HIS SUCCESSOR. THIS IS APPROVED BY THE TOUR MANAGER, DAVE PRESCOTT (CHARLES BICKFORD—LEFT).

the acknowledgment of a man long on trial, to whom acquitted by his peers had restored his honour."

Richard Burton gallivants strenuously about as Edwin Booth, and Raymond Massey gives a fine craggy performance of the tragedian's father, though he has no opportunity to show that Junius Brutus in his old age was mentally deranged as well as permanently drunk. There was—as I have already said—capital material for both good actors in the true story of the Booths. The film may be said to make the worst of a good job. Has not someone already said recently: "I am amazed at the ingenuity with which scenario-mongers will take a good story and spoil it?"

GALLANTRY-AT THERMOPYLÆ AND KOREA-RECOGNISED: A STATE VISIT, A NEW WEAPON AND PEACEFUL HOME NEWS.



THE PROPOSED LAYOUT OF VICTORIA TOWER GARDENS: A MODEL SHOWING THE NEW POSITIONS FOR RODIN'S "BURGHERS OF CALAIS" GROUP (RIGHT; WHERE PATHS MEET); AND FOR MRS. PANKHURST'S STATUE (CENTRE, FOREGROUND). THE COST WILL BE ABOUT £20,000.



BRITISH DECORATIONS CONFERRED ON HIGH-RANKING AMERICAN OFFICERS AT A CEREMONY IN WASHINGTON: THE BRITISH AMBASSADOR, SIR ROGER MAKINS (CENTRE) AND RECIPIENTS. Our group shows (l. to r.), General J. van Fleet, General Otto P. Weyland, Sir Roger Makins, General Ridgway (retiring U.S. Army Chief of Staff) and General Mark Clark. Generals van Fleet and Weyland became Hon. K.B.E.s and Generals Ridgway and Clark, Hon. K.C.B.s (all Military Divisions). Fifty-four U.S. officers and men associated with the British Commonwealth Division in Korea received their decorations.



CONSTRUCTED BY TWO SIXTEEN-YEAR-OLD STUDENTS: A MODEL OF A 230-YEAR-OLD PRINTING PRESS AS THEN USED IN FLEET STREET. Two sixteen-year-old students of Maidstone College of Art have constructed a scale model of a 230-year-old printing press as then used in Fleet Street, for exhibition at the International Printing Machinery Exhibition at Olympia. It was copied from the original in St. Bride's Institute, in eight weeks.



THE DEDICATION OF A MARBLE MEMORIAL TO LEONIDAS AND HIS SPARTANS AT THERMOPYLÆ ON JUNE 30: KING PAUL OF THE HELLENES (RIGHT) SALUTING THE STATUE. The white marble memorial to Leonidas and his 300 Spartans who fell at Thermopylae in July 480 B.C. defending the pass against the 300,000 warriors of Xerxes, which King Paul of the Hellenes dedicated at Thermopylae, has been erected at a cost of some £18,000 by "The Knights of Thermopylae," a society of Greek-born Americans.



THE PRIME MINISTER OF INDIA'S STATE VISIT TO YUGOSLAVIA: MR. NEHRU AT A BANQUET IN BELGRADE, WITH MME. TITO. Mr. Nehru arrived in Belgrade on June 30 for a seven-day State visit to President Tito. He addressed the Yugoslav Parliament on July 2; and held talks with President Tito. He also visited industrial installations.



INVERTED CONES OF CLOUD OVER MARSEILLES CITY: A PECULIAR FORMATION WHICH OCCURRED ON NOVEMBER 4, 1954, AND SUGGESTS THE POPULAR IDEA OF "FLYING SAUCERS." IT WAS PHOTOGRAPHED BY THE UNITED STATES NAVY AND THE PICTURE WAS RELEASED ON JULY 1 WITHOUT COMMENT.

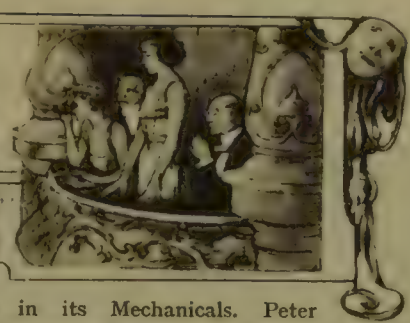


A CANNON WHICH CAN BE CARRIED ON A MOTOR-BICYCLE: THE FRENCH 75-MM. RECOILLESS CANNON, ON THE SAME PRINCIPLE AS THE BRITISH "BAT."

The 75-mm. recoilless cannon, a French weapon for airborne troops, has much in common with the 120-mm. British "Bat," illustrated diagrammatically in our issue of July 2, in having no recoil. It can thus be carried on a motor-bicycle. The French claim that it can negotiate certain terrain, such as narrow paths, more easily than a jeep can do.



THE WORLD OF THE THEATRE.



THE PRINTED LAWN.

By J. C. TREWIN.

IT is hard, I find, to sit at any performance of "A Midsummer Night's Dream" in the Open Air Theatre without recalling four lines by Housman (that go so oddly with the four that follow):

The fairies break their dances
And leave the printed lawn,
And up from India glances
The silver sail of dawn.

In the past I have usually gone to an evening performance of the "Dream": this year it was a matinée and the magic was as strong as ever.

Here we sat on a bright afternoon in Regent's Park; aircraft throbbed not far away; showers of thistledown flickered around us like thin flakes of unseasonable snow; the air was full of the myriad noises of summer. And yet, in the mind, dawn was silvering the sky above the Athenian wood; the morning lark had begun to sing, and the huntsmen of Theseus had entered in "the vaward of the day." It was the old potency. The "Dream" can summon the fairies and the printed lawn and the "silver sail" whether you are watching a performance, with all the embroideries, in a theatre fully-equipped, or merely flicking the pages idly on a noon of midwinter drizzle.

It was a joy to meet the fantasy again at high summer, and done without distracting parade. The last full-dress production I recall was a top-heavy affair, with ballets, a wood to end all woods, and a full night of Mendelssohn—the complete treatment. But the "Dream" does not need it. It is there in the text without forcing. One wishes that producers would cease to fumble with the most enchanted of fantasies. I am not complaining about the accustomed union of Mendelssohn and Shakespeare (the score is used discreetly in the Park at present); but it is very trying sometimes when the text is employed merely as a libretto for lavish operetta. Then the fairies break their dances indeed. Recently, too, on sound-radio, we had some fine speaking marred by the twangs and frets of new incidental music by a German composer, Carl Orff.

Let be. In the Park we have discovered yet again that "A Midsummer Night's Dream" moves to its own music. Its lesser fairies are conventional enough; but they are fitted to the greensward of the Open Air Theatre, and we have the true Shakespearean voice in Robert Eddison's speaking of Oberon. In recent years it has become the fashion to make Oberon sinister. Tyrone Guthrie has called him a "malevolent creature." I think this can be overdone; the fact that Oberon is called "king of shadows" does not necessarily mean that he should be acted as a First Murderer. He is ruler of the night; he is proud and regal; he is wrathful with his Queen—a matter that is happily resolved—and he utters the most miraculous verse. He has also, or should have, a sense of humour. John Gielgud showed this when he played Oberon to Leslie French's Puck (I have never forgotten French's "I go, I go; look how I go!") at the Old Vic in 1929. Robert Eddison now commands the scene as we should expect. He is among the best verse-speakers of his day. This Oberon is neither prettified nor a malign emanation. It is the master of the haunted grove as one has imagined him. Titania does not match her Oberon, but the Fairy Queen has always been uncommonly difficult. I am likely myself to remember as long as anything in the modern records of the "Dream," the way in which Peggy Ashcroft acted the part at the Haymarket ten years ago: the play of her hands, the wavering ripple-and-shimmer at the lines, "Pale in her anger, washes all the air."

The Romantics do their work capably in the Regent's Park wood; and, as ever, the production



"IN THE PARK WE HAVE DISCOVERED YET AGAIN THAT THE PLAY MOVES TO ITS OWN MUSIC": "A MIDSUMMER NIGHT'S DREAM" (OPEN AIR THEATRE), SHOWING PUCK (ARTHUR WHITE) LEAPING OVER A FAIRY DURING A DRESS REHEARSAL IN REGENT'S PARK.

is fortunate in its Mechanicals. Peter Quince's club rehearses doggedly, clumping across the printed lawn in "the palace wood, a mile without the town, by moonlight." The players have met there because, according to Quince, if they had met in the city they would have been "dogged with company, and our devices known." It has always seemed to me to be a rather thin excuse; but none will grumble about it: Quince's men are in the wood, and that is enough for us. Ask no questions! Certainly at this time of day (or night) we cannot inquire why the lines spoken at rehearsal are never delivered in performance, and why it is that the company manages to get through its ordeal before the Duke and Duchess at night, without apparently having had a general run-through since those events at the Duke's Oak.

All of the problems are swept away, dispelled by the "Dream's" strong magic. The interlude of "Pyramus and Thisby" is racing along cheerfully, with Robert Atkins—again the night's director as on so many occasions in the past—in redoubtable form as the hulking Bottom-Pyramus, and Russell Thorndike in a mellow flutter as Quince. I noticed only two new touches in that extraordinary fifteen-minutes gambol. Pyramus and Thisby bang "Wall's" arm (and the "chink") back-and-forth at each other with a dangerous freedom. And when the dear souls are dead, Quince laments over them with a gentle keening. "A fine tragedy," as Theseus says with hasty ducal tact; "and very notably discharged." So, again, the fairies bless the palace with sweet peace; and Puck, at the last, cries "Give me your hands, if we be friends." We do; we are.

Puck, or a near relative, turns up in the poem from which Donald Monat took the title of his revue, "Light Fantastic" (Fortune).

It is not, I fear, a very apt title. The revue jolts, and, if we are glad to meet two of the numbers once more (Philip Sherman miming in the cafeteria, and perhaps those juvenile delinquents at the teddy-boys' picnic), the rest does lack the sovereign merits of wit, grace, point. Mr. Monat has taken care with a mock just-so story, a monologue called "When the Rudyard's Cease from Kipling," by Donald Cotton. It remains, alas, woefully out of key. When all is said, I may recall "Light Fantastic" simply for its mime, for Philip Sherman's expression when, after all his trouble and the "tragic loading" of his tray, his world lies in fragments about him upon the cafeteria floor.

I am sorry to say that "very tragical mirth" is the only phrase for much of "The Lion in the Lighthouse" (Embassy), a hopeful skit upon commercial television, with a panel game in a lighthouse in the English Channel—don't ask me why—and Henry Kendall roaring away as the panel-player who has won his name for an endearing gift of losing his temper on the right occasions. The wrong occasions also.

The second act, with its game in progress, has some glimmers; but the first act and the third are by two dramatists who struggle to fill out the night. We are glad, for once, when the night ends, and, so to speak, over Swiss Cottage glances the silver sail of dawn. And we should never have to say that of a farce. The blithest moments are Mr. Kendall's; he can always hold the stage. When he bursts into rage before the camera (with Gerald Harper's announcer in dithering anguish hard by), we murmur—as Bottom did—"There is not a more fearful wild-fowl than your lion living."



"THE BLITHEST MOMENTS ARE MR. KENDALL'S; HE CAN ALWAYS HOLD THE STAGE": "THE LION IN THE LIGHTHOUSE," A COMEDY OF COMMERCIAL TELEVISION BY BILLY THATCHER AND ROLF KING, SHOWING A SCENE FROM THE PLAY WITH (L. TO R.) FREDDIE MARTIN (BARRY SINCLAIR); DIANA GILMORE (PATRICIA DAINTON); HARRIET HARVEY (CHARMIAN INNES); OLIVER CHARRINGTON (HENRY KENDALL); EZRA GOLDENBLUM (ERNST ULMAN) AND LIONEL PROUDFEET (GERALD HARPER). IN THIS SCENE OLIVER (HENRY KENDALL) IS SURPRISED BY THE CAMERA BEFORE HE HAS HAD TIME TO FINISH DRESSING.

OUR CRITIC'S FIRST-NIGHT JOURNAL.

"THE LION IN THE LIGHTHOUSE" (Embassy).—Billy Thatcher and Rolf King, anxious to show to us what may happen in the commercial television age, take a panel game—which has a curious likeness to some we know—and establishes it in a lighthouse. (Only, we are told, for one week; later it will be in a hermetically-sealed tank in a swimming-bath.) The farce rests, apparently, on the varied personalities of the players; but only one of them has any chance, Henry Kendall, amusing (whenever he can be) as the teasing "lion" of the event, who enjoys ill-temper. But the rest of the piece is rough going. (June 21.)

"LIGHT FANTASTIC" (Fortune).—Intimate revue needs a sharp wit and a production burnished as carefully as possible. This one is a gentle business that appears to wander at will across the stage, and the result is not, I fear, to be remembered. We are glad to meet Philip Sherman's mime in a cafeteria and to attend the teddy-boys' picnic. (June 21; seen June 23.)

"A MIDSUMMER NIGHT'S DREAM" (Open Air Theatre).—A London summer without Robert Atkins's production of the "Dream" has a sad gap. We are relieved to have the gap filled again this year, and to find in Mr. Atkins's familiar Bottom the Weaver, and in the notes of Robert Eddison's voice as Oberon, the true delights of the loveliest of English fantasies. (June 24.)

MATTERS MARITIME: SHIPS NAVAL, MERCANTILE, SPORTING—FROM DRAGON-BOATS TO A LINER.



THE SQUID IN ACTION: A DEMONSTRATION BY THE DESTROYER COSSACK OF THE OPERATION OF THIS ANTI-SUBMARINE WEAPON, SHOWING THE CHARGES EXPLODING FAR AHEAD OF THE SHIP. During the recent S.E.A.T.O. naval exercise in the China Sea, where anti-submarine protection would be of major importance, demonstrations of the *Squid* were given. This device throws depth-charges well ahead of the ship, while the enemy submarine is still clearly in the ship's radar screen.



NEARING THE FINISHING-POST OF THE DARTMOUTH-GIBRALTAR YACHT RACE AND THE FIRST SHIP TO DO SO: THE 14-TON SLOOP, MAID OF PLIGH (OWNER, MR. R. E. SMITH), AT THE ENTRANCE TO ADMIRALTY HARBOUR, GIBRALTAR.



HELD ON THE FIFTH DAY OF THE FIFTH MOON OF THE CHINESE CALENDAR: THE DRAGON-BOAT RACE NEARING THE FINISHING-POST AT HONG KONG. IT IS RACED OVER A 1600-YARD COURSE AND WAS WATCHED THIS YEAR BY THE GOVERNOR.



AS THE TENDER STEAMS AWAY: THE NEW 22,000-TON CUNARDER IVERNIA RAISES HER ANCHOR AT THE TAIL OF THE BANK, IN THE CLYDE, AND BEGINS HER MAIDEN VOYAGE. On July 1 the new Cunarder *Ivernia* began her maiden voyage, carrying about 1000 passengers, most of them emigrants, from the Clyde to Quebec and Montreal. She was originally scheduled to sail from Liverpool, but owing to the dock strike there, began her maiden voyage from the Tail of the Bank.



STATED TO BE THE BIGGEST SHIP IN THE NETHERLANDS MERCHANT NAVY: THE 44,000-TON WHALING FACTORY SHIP WILLEM BARENDSE II., PHOTOGRAPHED FROM THE AIR AS SHE RETURNED TO HOLLAND ON JUNE 27, FOLLOWING TECHNICAL TRIALS IN THE NORTH SEA.



ONE OF THE ROYAL NAVY'S LATEST FAST PATROL BOATS: H.M.S. DARK AGGRESSOR, HERE FITTED AS A MOTOR TORPEDO-BOAT, DURING SPEED TRIALS. The fast patrol boats of the "Dark" class, all of which are powered with the Napier *Deltic* engine, are designed to be converted at short notice from M.T.B. (with four torpedo-tubes) to Motor Gun Boat (with one 4.5-in. gun and one or two 40-mm. A.A. guns). Aluminium is largely used in their construction, especially of the framing and deck.

AT THEIR TULE LAKE REFUGE IN CALIFORNIA: SNOW GEESE IN FLIGHT.



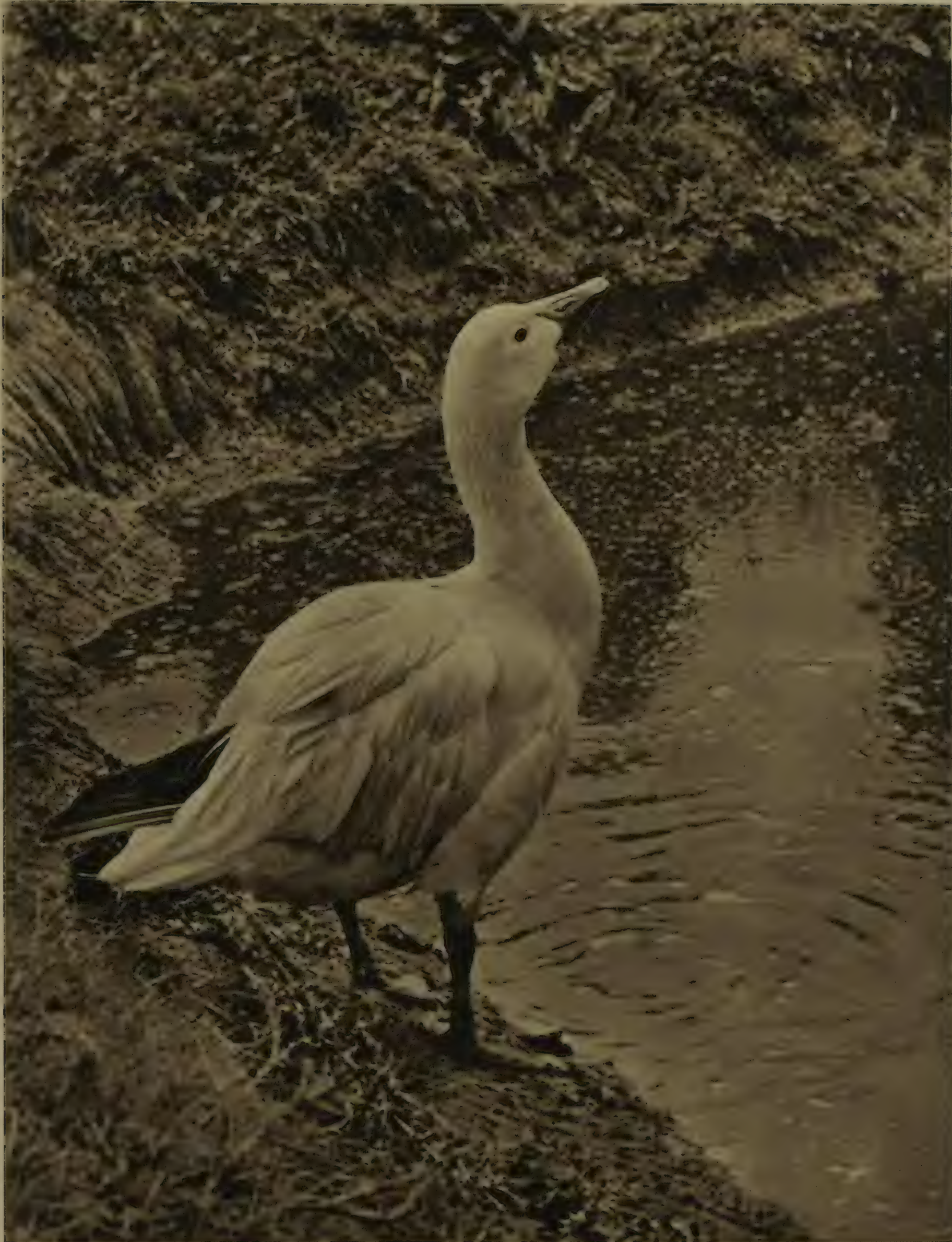
RISING FROM THE FLAT LAND OF THE TULE LAKE WILD-LIFE REFUGE IN CALIFORNIA: A FRIGHTENED FLOCK OF SNOW GEESE TAKING WING. AFTER FLYING AROUND BRIEFLY THEY SETTLE ON THE GROUND AGAIN. THE BIRDS SPEND THE WINTER MONTHS AT THIS REFUGE.



IN FLIGHT: THE TAKE-OFF AND FLIGHT OF THE SNOW GOOSE CAPTURED BY THE CAMERA AT THE TULE LAKE REFUGE. THE SNOW GOOSE, A HEAVY BIRD, TAKES-OFF SURPRISINGLY FAST, RISING WITH POWERFUL WING-BEATS AND WITH ITS LONG NECK OUTSTRETCHED.

These photographs of snow geese in the Tule Lake district of California, a wild-life refuge set up by the United States in 1928, were taken at the time of the spring migrations, when Tule Lake becomes one of the most thickly-populated water-fowl resting-places in the world. Lying along a great migratory route, the marshy region of Tule Lake, inhabited by wild ducks and geese for centuries, provides an ideal resting, feeding and wintering-place for migrating birds. At one time the snow geese were so plentiful here that visitors, seeing for the first time the

white flocks covering the ground in the early autumn, used to think that the land was blanketed by unseasonal snow. Towards the end of March the snow geese begin their northward migration from Tule Lake, sometimes flying at 50 m.p.h. and a mile high. They come down for a brief period in the big Canadian winter wheat fields to rest and feed, then fly on again to sub-Arctic marshes and deltas, where they breed in early summer. By October the snow geese have returned again to Tule Lake for the winter months.



"BEAUTY UNADORN'D": A SNOW GOOSE, BRILLIANT IN ITS FULL PLUMAGE, CAPTURED BY THE CAMERA.

This fine study of a snow goose in full plumage was taken by Mr. Oliver G. Pike at the Severn Wildfowl Trust, which is directed, and was founded, by Mr. Peter Scott. The Lesser Snow Goose (which breeds on the Arctic coast of North America from Hudson's Bay westward, and in North-Eastern Siberia) and the Greater Snow Goose (which has an eastern North American range) are now both bred in

the collection of the Severn Wildfowl Trust. These birds are very similar in appearance, but the Lesser Snow Goose is slighter in build and usually a little smaller than the Greater Snow Goose, with a smaller bill and lankier legs. Photographs of snow geese in flight at their Tule Lake winter refuge in California appear on the facing page. [Photograph by Oliver G. Pike, Hon. F.R.P.S., F.I.B.P.]

NOTES FOR THE NOVEL-READER.

THE NOVEL OF THE WEEK.

ONE can't help feeling somewhat wary of a new writer who is being publicised as a kind of French Conrad—no matter what one's view of the original Conrad. And Jean Hougron's "Blaze of the Sun," though vivid and effective, actually had a Conrad streak. But in "The Fugitive" (Hurst and Blackett; 10s. 6d.) this streak has disappeared, or been absorbed. So has the rather twopence-coloured exoticism. M. Hougron's new book is much simpler, much larger in conception, and without echoes.

The hero, an ordinary, rather weak-kneed young man, is about to take up a job in Saigon. He has an elder sister, stupider and more venal than himself, and has let her nag him into smuggling a parcel of dollars. But he is robbed of them on the voyage, and has no sooner landed than the racketeers start gunning for him. Horcier flees in panic, and fetches up at the bedside of a half-caste Vietnamese girl. He is afraid to go out again, convinced that in Saigon, Hanoi, or any town where there are Europeans, he is a dead man—in fact, utterly demoralised. And when the girl suggests that he should hide in her own village in the Plain of Reeds—which is controlled though not occupied by the Viet-Minh, and where no Frenchman will pursue—he can't wait to get going. There is nothing sentimental about this transaction. Anh demands all his money—a sum of 3000 piastres; she says in Vinh-Bao he won't need any. Moreover, he thinks her an ugly girl; while she transparently regards him as a poor fish. And on the journey he behaves like a poor fish. But they get through all right, and her grandfather consents to shelter him.

Up to this point, Horcier has simply been bolting for cover. He has never asked himself what then—or seen himself relegated to a Vietnamese hut in a swamp, living on a pittance of rice and a few bamboo shoots, and drinking water full of wriggling black larvae, with absolutely nothing to do, and no prospect of escape. Though they would all be glad to see the last of him. Anh's mother is a hysterical Francophile; and though the old man likes the French, he goes in terror of someone denouncing his protégé to the Viet-Minh. Horcier is urged to keep indoors, but finally he can't stand that. He takes his first walk through the village—and it is like a village devastated by plague. The men's and women's faces are sick and feverish, cowardly and wild. They don't bother to grow anything, since the Viet-Minh would only take it away. They are dying off like flies; and they have not a glimmer of solidarity or fellow-feeling. A few years ago there were 800 inhabitants, now there are only 200. . . . And one day Horcier's European-ness revolts. He has an urge to do something about it—and on this tack, he comes to think of murderers in Saigon as a mere stupid obstacle.

The theme is simple and heroic, natural all the way. Even in the degradation of Vinh-Bao, there are a few "stunted miracles," and timid shoots of the old life; and the landscape-painting has a special charm.

OTHER FICTION.

"The Boy is Blue," by Monica Stirling (Gollancz; 12s. 6d.), might be described as nearly all charm. Though one would hardly expect as much from the plot, which is about a young man with arrested development of the emotions, picked up and cured by a society beauty old enough to be his mother—and then passed sadly on to the modest little photographer-girl who is really his kind. In a French setting, need I add? . . . But this apparently archaic, and even slightly vulgar material turns out to have delicious qualities.

Also, it has a strikingly dark background. Laurent, the youthful recluse who has made a fortune by his popular songs, and withdrawn into the country to write symphonies and minimise human contacts, is a survivor of Oradour. (Though here the village of the massacre is called St. Roch.) Laurent's whole family was wiped out; he found himself "twenty thousand leagues under the sea," and—with the aid of circumstances—he has never come up again. To some extent, he has the manners and reactions of a thirteen-year-old; but as this is art, not life, they only give him a charming originality. He adores places; and what first appeals to him about Madame de Brévange is the interior of her country house—especially the picture of a young man in a blue cloak, watching the crash of pillars in a baroque earthquake-scene. What attracts her is his absorption in it. . . . It is the detail that counts: the warmth and elegance, the shadows gracefully redeemed, the sparkling and tender irony, the blend of wit, glamour and human kindness, with a grain of magic thrown in.

"The Rowan Tree," by Graham Sutton (Hodder and Stoughton; 12s. 6d.), provides another chapter in the history of the Cumberland Flemings. Here it is an Elizabethan chapter; and its main figure is Robert Greene, the disreputable scholar-poet who raked the London sewers, and died most lamentably from a surfeit of pickled herring. But Mr. Sutton has prolonged his life by a few months. The "deceased" poet was just about to go underground, when Thomas Walsingham pressed him for use "in the Queen's business." As Mr. Gregory, a poor relation of the spy-catcher, he is billeted on the Flemings at Thornholm farm—ostensibly for his health, really to collect messages from other agents. There is a twofold interest: first, the redemption of the vain, spiteful, predatory town-rat by the northern hills; and secondly, the mortal snare that is being laid for him. A romantic story of the best sort, admirable in freshness and tone.

"Fools Die on Friday" (Heinemann; 10s. 6d.) is by A. A. Fair, whom we now learn to be E. Stanley Gardner. Not that it matters, since you can see at once he is a red-hot expert. In the Cool-Lam inquiry business, heavyweight Bertha Cool runs the financial side, while Donald Lam does the investigating. This time, a girl walks in with a fee of \$250, and says her uncle, Gerald Ballwin, is about to be poisoned by his wife, and they must put a stop to it. In Bertha's view, this is a client, sanctified by cash: while Donald instantly perceives her to be a humbug, who is asking an impossibility. And so on—with unflagging energy and technique.

CHESS NOTES.

By BARUCH H. WOOD, M.Sc.

"LOSING chess" is perhaps the commonest of all the bizarre offshoots that chess has developed during its fourteen centuries of history. A French author, J. Boyer, who, in a couple of curious books, has collected over a hundred such offshoots and is probably well on the way to filling a third, has summarised the rules which best keep the craziness of "losing chess" within reasonable bounds.

"Check" and "Mate" have to go by the board; kings are as vulnerable to capture as any other piece and as liable to come into existence on promotion of a pawn.

The aim is to lose all your sixteen men. Whoever can make a capture, must. If two or more alternative captures are open to you, you can take your choice.

One unexpected feature is the weakness of bishops. Once a bishop is started on a trail of destruction, it is often remarkably easy for a cunning opponent to place more victims in his way.

Misguided analysts, with surplus time and ingenuity, have worked out a theory of the game. . . . one of their discoveries, for instance, is that 1. P-Q4, correctly met, loses by force!

This discovery I really do find intriguing. Black replies 1. . . . P-K4; 2. P×P (forced by the rules, of course), 2. . . . Q-Kt4! 3. B×Q, K-Q1 ("Into check?" queries somebody who has just come in: "Check? Never heard of it!"); 4. Q×P (postponing the end; 4. B×K is only a transposition of moves); 4. . . . B×B; 5. B×K.

Yes, 5. B×K—let us roll it over our tongues! Poor White is now engaged on a Hitler orgy of destruction and, like that damned man, can't stop. Every remaining Black piece and pawn can in turn be placed *en prise*.

Even 1. P-Q3 loses, though more subtlety is called for from Black. Thus: 1. . . . P-KKt4! 2. B×P, B-Kt2; 3. B×P, B×P (he must make one of the two available captures and this is much the better); 4. B×Q (note how, once again, it is a bishop which is getting its possessor into trouble); 4. . . . B×R (he must, of course); 5. B×P, B-B6 (rather a cunning one this, and took a lot of finding); 6. B×Kt (6. Kt×B is even worse. Now, if Black were to reply 6. . . . B×K?, he could be forced to keep on capturing longer than White; but . . .) 6. . . . R×B! (Now the ball is thrown back to White with a vengeance; though his bishop has gone, his knight proves an even greater liability.)

7. Kt×B, P-Q4; 8. Kt×P, Kt-B3; 9. Kt×Kt. No check, of course! White's next is rather cunning, planning a neat switch two moves later.

9. . . . R-Kt1! 10. Kt×K.

After 10. Kt×R, Black hands away his KRP, KBP, K, QKtP, QRP, B and R in turn—finis! Do you see how?

10. . . . R×P!

Forcing poor White to bring another destructive bishop into play.

11. B×R, P-B3; 12. B×P (it no longer makes any difference which capture he opts for; he is already doomed to death by over-eating):

12. . . . R×B; 13. Kt×P, R-Kt1; 14. Kt×P, R-Kt8; 15. Q×R, B-Kt2; 16. Q×B, P-R3; 17. Q×P.

So: a forced loss from his first move! Sizeable wagers have changed hands through less-involved issues.

Though "losing chess" is far simpler than the ordinary game, its flouting of all convention, its call for the reversal of life-long habits, can produce a sort of delicious bewilderment.

K. JOHN.

BOOKS OF THE DAY.

ART IN MANY NATIONS.

THE "Chapters in Art" series constitute a most valuable group of concise monographs on different artistic periods and art forms. The twenty-sixth in this series is "Hittite Art: 2300-750 B.C.," by Maurice Vieyra (Tiranti; 15s.). To the average man or woman brought up in the Bible, the Hittites were a Semitic tribe who were in the same category as the Jebusites, Amalekites, the Hivites, *et al.*, who were appropriately, from time to time, "smitten hip and thigh" by the Ancient Israelites. In fact, the Hittites who appear in the Bible were the decadent remnants of a once great civilisation which had stretched from North Syria to Central Anatolia, but extended as far south as modern Palestine and as far east as ancient Nineveh. Nevertheless, as Mr. Vieyra rightly points out, the examples which he gives here of the Hittites' highly-developed culture must not be regarded as having an ethnical significance. The vigour and strength of this art form is, of course, best seen at Carchemish, to which Mr. Vieyra rightly devotes a great deal of attention. The Semitic nature of this civilisation may also be seen from the faces of the figures, many of which might have been taken from some of the cruder anti-semitic cartoons of *Der Stürmer* and the *Schwarze Korps*.

I was glad to see that Warner Muensterberger and Wendy L. Muensterberger, authors of the sumptuously produced "Sculpture of Primitive Man" (Thames and Hudson; 50s.), regard the word "primitive" as being "particularly unfortunate" as it "connotes a state of backwardness or even of crudeness which does not pertain" to the natives of the South Seas, large areas of Africa, and some parts of the Americas, to whose art forms this book is devoted. As the authors properly point out, we should not consider the folk cultures of these regions in the light of our own European culture. The social and historical traditions of these people are totally different. "Their history is largely unwritten and consists of myths, folk tales, and hearsay; their religion is ancestor worship and belief in demons, ghosts, magic and witchcraft; and their laws are codified only to a small degree." Nevertheless, the art of primitive man has a beauty and a strength of its own. Its very "crudeness" to European eyes becomes, with familiarity, one of its most attractive features. The examples given in this book are beautifully reproduced both in colour and in black-and-white, and the publishers are to be congratulated on this excellent venture. I have only one quarrel with the authors, and that is that they have not included the remarkable sculpture of Benin and Ife on the, to my mind, somewhat slender grounds that despite the African-Negro character of the art of those people, it has been too strongly influenced by contact with Europeans.

Another fine book is "The Canterbury School of Illumination," by C. R. Dodwell (Cambridge University Press; 84s.). In the early Middle Ages, Canterbury was the centre of one of the most remarkable florescences in the history of art. It took the form of an amazingly high development of the art of illumination. Dr. Dodwell's authoritative book deals with the manuscripts created between A.D. 1000 and A.D. 1200—the *Blüteperiode* of British illumination. The Anglo-Saxons who came first in time (and almost first in quality) developed an impressionistic style of great beauty. The Normans, who followed them, had less aesthetic sense than the people they had conquered, and it is not surprising, therefore, to find a somewhat cruder art form developing until the influences of Byzantium and France and Italy brought a more marked "flow" back into the illuminations. Dr. Dodwell is a scholar of profundity who knows, however, how to write for the general reader. The result is a notable addition to the history of English mediæval art. The illustrations, as one might expect from the Cambridge University Press, are copious and satisfying.

Another "must" for the mediæval historian is "English Mediæval Architects," by John Harvey (Batsford; 75s.). This is a biographical dictionary from the early Middle Ages to 1550. It covers for the first time what is known of no fewer than 1300 of the artists and craftsmen who built our mediæval buildings. As one who had always assumed that the majority of English mediæval craftsmen were anonymous, it is astonishing how much information Mr. Harvey has been able to extract. Naturally, those who are later in time present smaller problems, while the early ones, such as William Dilkyn (of whom all that is known is that he was "master mason at Rockingham Castle in the years 1284-85, when new windows were inserted in the chapel"), come off pretty skimpily. Nevertheless, Mr. Harvey's remarkable piece of painstaking scholarship will be of value not merely to those interested in mediæval art and history, but even to students of Christian names, surnames and place names.

It has always seemed curious to me that Italian porcelain, which has played such a part in the development of that craft, has been so largely neglected. This omission has been repaired by "Italian Porcelain," by Arthur Lane (Faber; 35s.). It is true that Italian porcelain lacks perhaps, as the author says, "the high technical accomplishment found in Germany and France"—notably in the products of Meissen and Sèvres.

Nevertheless, it should be remembered that Italy was first in the field with the remarkable Medici porcelain, which takes its name from the activities of Francesco I. de Medici, the son of the great Duke Cosimo, who was the first to make porcelain in Italy on any scale. Though there are many technical defects which are obvious to anyone who examines the fifty-odd examples still known to exist (four only in private hands), the Medici porcelain has, in the words of the author, "a faintly magic quality" which "at its best . . . shows a sensitive touch and fastidious restraint that are most admirable; it seems as if by some subtle intuition, just enough has been borrowed from the East to form the basis of a style new in European art." The Medici porcelain may perhaps be regarded as outside the scope of this book, which deals largely with the eighteenth-century products of the Vezzi factory at Venice, the Bourbon factories in the south, and the Vinovo and Doccia establishments. "All the pieces illustrated have a charm which is a delight to the eye. It is a pity that of the illustrations, admirable though they are, so very few are in colour. This constitutes my only criticism of this attractive and valuable book.—E. D. O'BRIEN.



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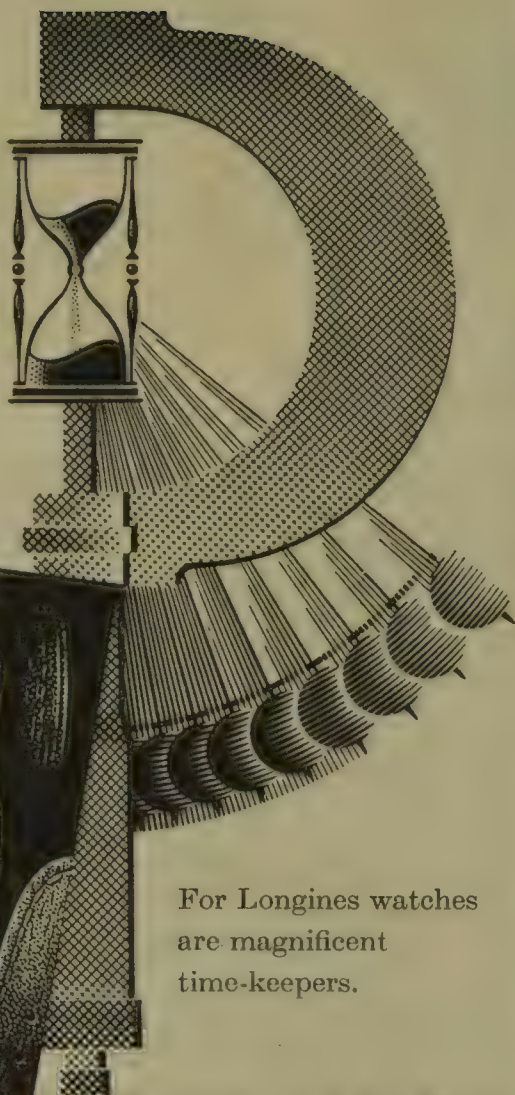
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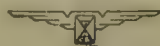


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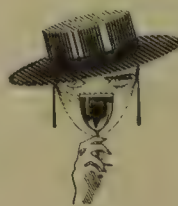
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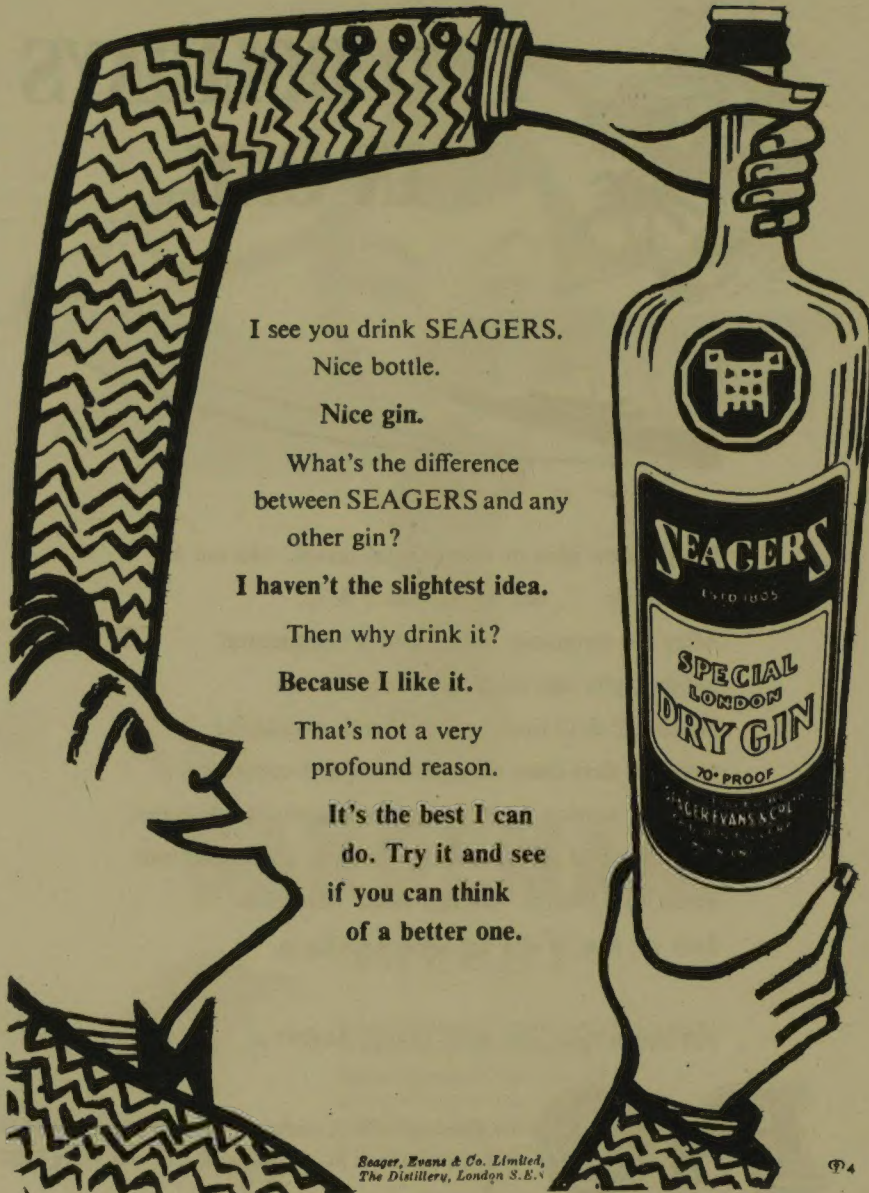
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